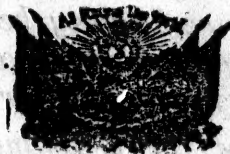


THE
CANADIAN ADVANCE
BEING A RECORD OF THE
PROGRESS OF WORK
OF THE
SALVATION ARMY.
IN THE
DOMINION OF CANADA
DURING THE YEAR 1886,

UNDER THE GENERALSHIP OF
REV. WILLIAM BOOTH.



THOMAS B. COOMBS,
COMMISSIONER IN COMMAND OF CANADIAN FORCES.

TORONTO:
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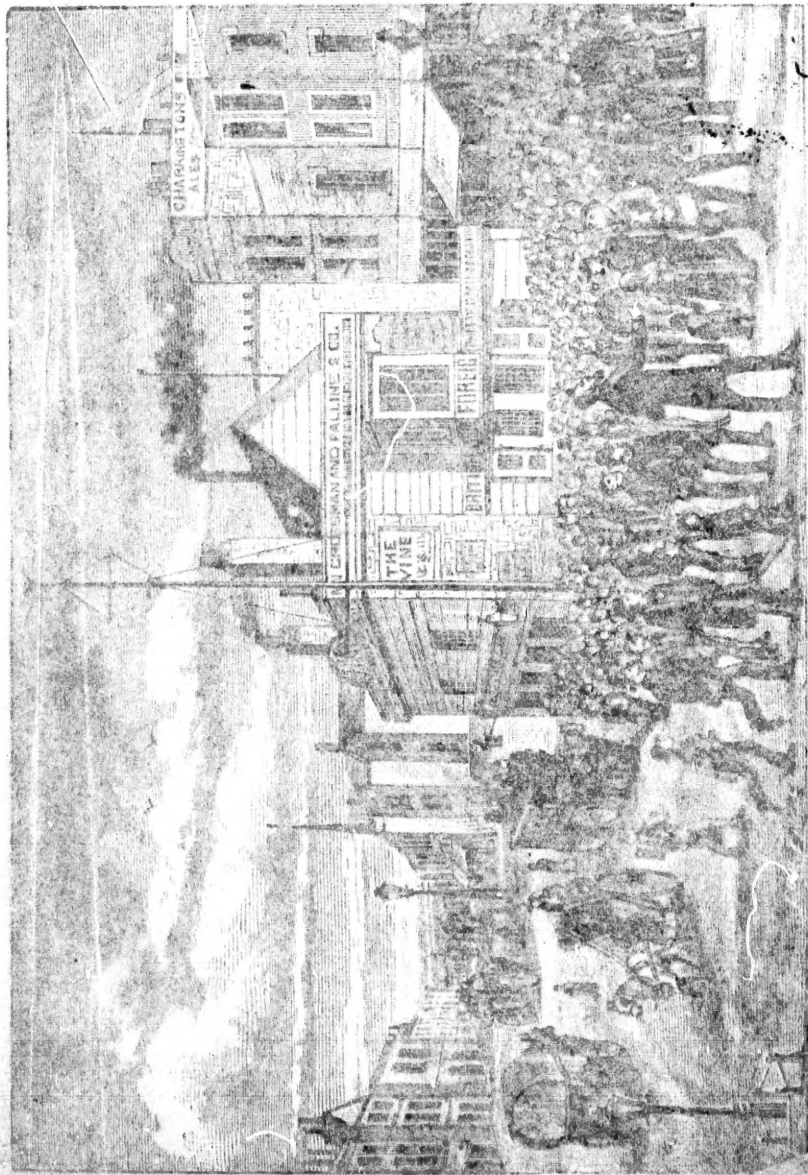
PREFACE.

The reason we send forth this little volume of Salvation News is that our friends—foes, if we have any—may get a glimpse of what the Lord is doing in our Dominion through the Salvation Army.

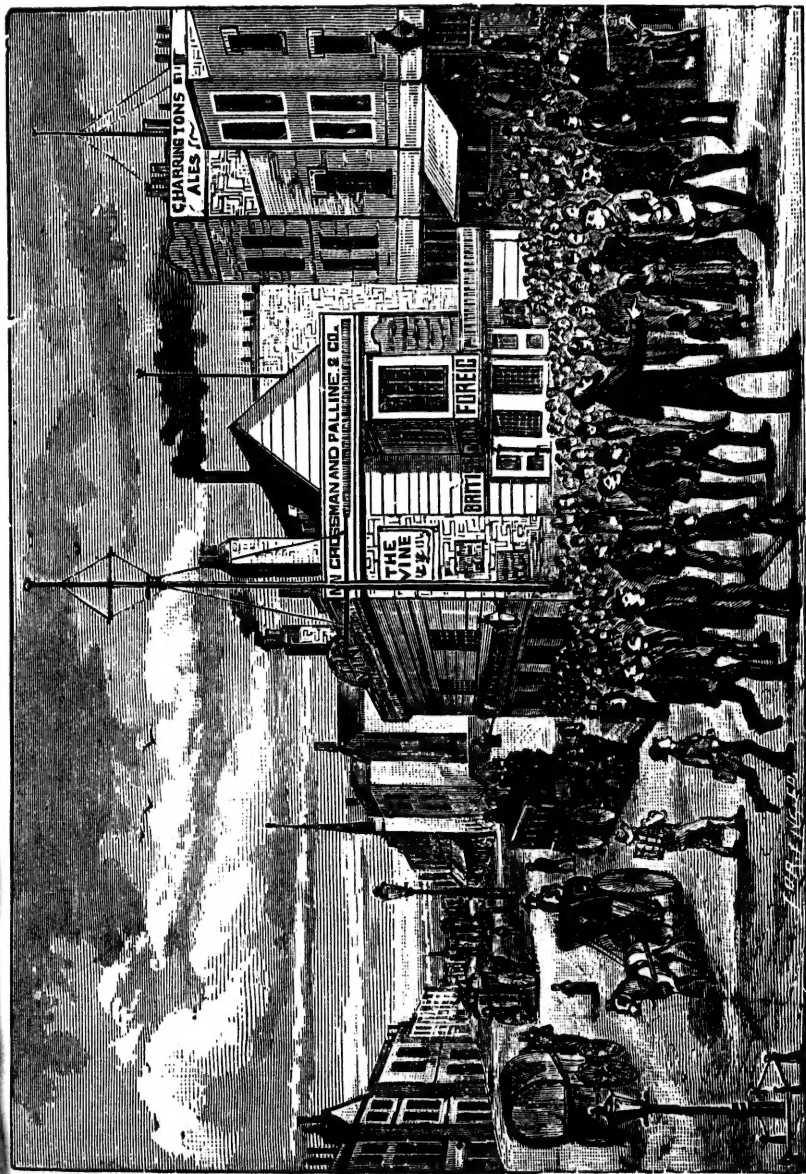
We have no great ambition to produce a literary work, and if we had perhaps we might fail. But we are desirous to show forth to the world what the Lord is doing in our midst, that others may be helped to go and do something for God, that our own people may do more than ever, and that those who cannot work as we do may be led to supply us with the necessary means to carry on this mighty movement for saving men.

It is sent forth, followed by mighty prayer that it may be used to the pushing forward of His work.

THOS. B. COOMBS,
Salvation Temple,
Toronto.



THE GENERAL BEGINNING ON MILE END WASTE



THE GENERAL BEGINNING ON MILE-END WASTE.

"THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR."



CHAPTER I.

WHAT a crowd! The saloons are emptying out their mass of reeking drunkards—nay they rush out as best they can. The saloon-keepers do not like it, still it makes no difference, out they come; they must see the Army; its all the religion they get, as they never go to church; here is a church come out to them. Of course look and listen they must, besides have they not heard of Tom, Bill, Harry, etc., etc., old chums who have got converted, and to hear them speak, why they would even come to the barracks, so here's a chance, and even if disappointed in hearing them, somebody is sure to speak whom they know something of, and so out they come, leaving their glasses behind them. How they listen! "Never heard the like before," says one. "That's true," says another, as some converted drunkard steps out and

tells what a bad boy he used to be, and they all nod assent as a fine fellow steps out, and at the commencement of his speech says, "You all know me and what I used to be."

Outside that ring, on that wet night, stands a poor besotted drunkard, scarcely had he been sober for seventeen years—once a respectable tradesman, Sunday school teacher, a total abstainer, in fact an upright man. One day he fell, friends tempted him, hell's fiend was at hand and he yielded.

Oh, terrible step! No more family prayer, no more Sunday school teaching. Step by step, down he went, until he became an habitual drunkard. His wife died. No sooner was she laid aside than house and home was sold, saloon keepers got the money, and he was left a homeless, helpless drunkard, sleeping in out-houses and in fields for three months together.

The night he stood outside that ring he had completed seventeen years of this life. The shots fired may have missed many, but they took effect in poor Jim's heart. Only fifteen minutes before, because he had no more money, the bartender had thrust him out of the door of the saloon, although he pleaded to be trusted just one more drink; and here a band of people, some of them his old chums were telling of salvation without money and without price. He listened, he drank in the truth, the testimonies went home, his heart melted, the tears began to flow, he thought of the days gone by, the happy home, the scholars, his poor wife now in the glory land, and as the Captain gave out the invitation to the barracks, Jim said, "I'll go." "Fall in" was the command. Away they go singing, "We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy," with the chorus, "Oh! say, will you go to the Eden

above?" Oh! how happy they were, it only made Jim feel his own misery the more. What mattered it to them about the rain and the mud? Saved they were and to save others was their mission. What matter about rain and mud to poor Jim? God's arrows were in his soul. What must he do? How to be saved was the question uppermost in his heart; and these were the boys he felt who could answer it if anybody could.

Soon the barracks is reached, the soldiers pass in, two sergeants remain outside to help in any timid ones. They spy poor Jim and give him as comfortable a seat as possible. What a sight! Rags and tatters? Yes, in abundance, his face almost purple, his nose perfectly red, trembling in every limb of his body which fairly stank as most well primed drunkards do. But Salvationists are used to it; they know full well that some of God Almighty's most precious jewels are all hid away in sin's filth. They do not mind the stench, they do not mind stooping down, their eyes pierce through it all to the man inside. He was once pure, there was not always this stench. He used to move in the best of society, sin had brought him to this. He used not to swear, nay he used to pray. He did not always visit vile houses and mix with the filthy and loathsome inmates, he used to attend the house of prayer. He is covered now with the slime of sin.

Now let us get at his soul. Let him fairly think about eternity, of his wife in the glory land. Get him to look at his sins so that he can somewhat realize his position. Never mind the filthy body, it's his soul we are after. Rectify that and then his body will come all right.

That night every testimony seemed aimed at him. The Captain's eye rested upon him as he

spoke. The Spirit went on with His work and the big tears began rolling down his face like rain. He tried to get out but 'twas no use. The arrows went in deeper still until soon he was groaning at the penitent form crying for mercy and asking for help to conquer the whiskey and sin in every shape and form, that seemed almost to bear him to the mouth of hell. For thirty minutes he groaned and then as though an electric light were at the back of his eyes, his very countenance shone and he was rejoicing in the knowledge of sins forgiven.

This is one case out of thousands, and yet people who never think of saving souls say, "Stop in your barracks." Aye, and sad to say, some who take upon them the name of the Lord Jesus do the very same thing and try to discourage us in this special work. Thank God, we are not easily discouraged. This kind of work, if you allow me the expression, is bred in us. Whose heart has not been moved as they have read, how, all alone in Whitechapel Road, in the very centre of a batch of saloons which for vileness of their frequenters could not be surpassed, as well as those who ran the business, how the General twenty-one years ago with one aim and object, determined somehow or other to make men listen to Salvation themes and think about their eternal welfare whether they would or not.

He might, of course, have adopted some other kind of measure. He might have distributed some leaflets telling the people of meetings to be held, but of what use would that have been? Beyond a doubt, not one in twenty of the first audience, and of many thousands of such audiences since, could have read such a bill if put in their hands,

and even if they could, had not this scheme been tried again and again with little or no effect? He saw this, and with a purpose firm, with his soul filled with love to God and man, he stood there (see Frontispiece) to be scoffed at, jeered and spit upon by the godless crowds; and yet on this very spot in this fashion he stood proclaiming salvation to the dying, doomed, half-damned mass around him. As he himself says, speaking of this work.* "Here was an open door for which I had longed for years. . . . I feared my ability to deal with this class of people. . . . However, as was my usage, no squeamish difficulties were allowed to interfere with duty. . . . On the Mile End Waste the first open-air meeting was held, from whence we processioned to our tent. From the first, the meetings were fairly good. We had souls at almost every service and before the fortnight had passed, I felt quite at home, and more than this, I felt my heart being strongly and strangely drawn out on behalf of the million people living within a mile from the tent, ninety out of every hundred of whom they told me never heard the sound of a preacher's voice. Here is a sphere, was whispered in my inward ear by an inward voice, why go further a-field for audiences? And so the ordinary church congregations lost their charm for me in comparison with the vulgar east-enders, and I was continually haunted with a desire to offer myself to Jesus Christ as an apostle for the heathen of East London.

The idea, or heavenly vision, or whatever you may call it, overcame me, I yielded to it, and what has happened since? I think not only a justification but an evidence that my offer was accepted. The difficulties

* See Twenty-one Years Salvation Army.

that beset me at the outset were many. * To begin with, on the third or fourth Sunday morning we found the tent (or barracks), lying on the ground rent in pieces. It had been a stormy night, and among other things that the rough wind had finished was our Tabernacle, and what made things worse was, it was too rotten to be mended or even put together again. That Sunday we had to fall back upon our Cathedral, viz., the open-air."

Surely it is not difficult for you to trace in this commencement the hand of God. Who but a God-inspired man, filled with the same spirit as his Master would ever think of commencing salvation work in this fashion? and who but a man continually inspired and led on by that spirit, would in spite of every opposing force have so tenaciously held on during these twenty-one years, until thousands, nay, tens of thousands imbued with the same spirit have gone forth on the same lines until now the Army, by the power of God, has well nigh circled the earth?

It would take the pen of an angel to describe what the suffering has been through it all, and that angel while writing might even dip his pen in the blood that has been spilt by our faithful band while they have been going forth on this God-directed mission. As for myself, I am at a loss to describe it.

Yet they boldly go forth braving every difficulty, combatting every insult and with love speaking to those who do their utmost to annoy. Many a time when some of these salvation apostles have been interrupted, spit upon and beaten, the persecutors have been met with a loving "God bless you, we shall pray for you," and often have those words pierced the soul of the persecutor who has ever after been a warm friend

and eventually becoming converted, has been one of the best and happiest soldiers, and in turn has stood his share of the persecution that comes to the lot of all true salvationists.

You may ask, "How can they stand to be ill used and persecuted in this way?" Every true soldier counts the cost before he starts for the battle. He knows full well what he may expect. he is quite confident if he lifts up a bold standard against sin, the devil will attack him, but with confidence in his God, on he goes, tramp, tramp through the streets, lanes, alleys and slums crying out the glad tidings of salvation night after night, braving the storms of abuse and criticism which is heaped upon him on every hand in order that he may help save those who are in the same terrible condition he was in not long ago. He has been rescued. He knows the value of it, and constrained by the love of his Lord, away he goes seeking others and does he find them? Yes, yes, by the score, they hear his message, they know the change made in him, they believe what he says, inquire for themselves and very soon after the inquiry, find their way into the fold and are accepted of our Beloved.

How can we help but rejoice for what God has accomplished? Has He not kept the General on these lines and led him out to do more desperate things still for His glory? And is He not continually showing us that He approves of our work by saving hundreds of men and women of the very vilest class, and are they not with us to this day fighting in our ranks and helping us save others? Yes, thank God, by hundreds! And still after it all, there are those who would stop us in our work, who would have

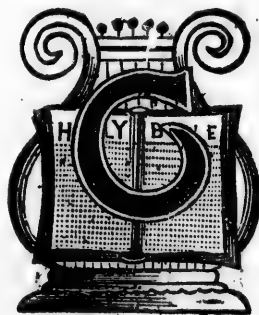
us curtailed, or as they say, be a little moderate, do things decently and in order, which often means fire your shots and hit nobody.

There are some sportsmen who can afford to use powder and shot and see nothing in return for it; but here is a poor man, his wife and children are hungry, he is hungry himself, his first business is to find out where the game is, and then, with all care, he takes his aim, brings down the game, and takes it home to satisfy hunger. Whatever may be your position who find fault; one thing is sure concerning the Salvation Army, we are filled with an intense longing for souls, even as the poor man referred to longed for food, and nothing short of pulling them out of the fire will satisfy. First, we must go where the poor dying lost ones are, find them out, visit their haunts, and then with Gospel powder and shot, take our aim, bring them down at the feet of Jesus, so that we can rejoice together over the dead being brought to life and the lost found.

There need be no wonder at our street preaching and parades, when you remember the Salvation Army was born in the open air. Aye, and thousands of our leaders and soldiers first began in the open air to think about their soul's salvation. So you see, when we go, it is like visiting one's birth-place; and what man, if he is a good man and has done nothing to disgrace himself, does not like to visit the place of his birth? Much more could be written on this theme but we leave the following chapters to tell some of the story, and describe some of the work accomplished on these lines.

CUR ADVANCE IN THE DOMINION, 1886

CHAPTER II.



Looking unto Jesus, never need we yield,
Clad in God's own armour—Faith our battle
shield;
Standard of Salvation is our flag unfurled,
By its elevation we must win the world.

RAND as was our advance of eighteen-eighty-five, our onward march for eighteen-eighty-six has been still more glorious.— Truly God has been with us, the cloud of His presence has gone before, and the hand of His power has been overshadowing us.

As we look back upon these last twelve months that have rushed passed, every hour, it is true, fraught with care, anxieties and dangers, but each day big with results and filled with the love-tokens of our Leader's care; our hearts have been overwhelmed with the sense of the Omnipotence of our Jehovah; and lost in amazement we can only say, "What hath God wrought."

It is a matter of impossibility to crowd into a single chapter, or indeed into a volume, such as the present,

anything like a graphic account of all the advances made, the victories won and the territory occupied during the past year; and even if we had the space at our disposal, the pressure of events that daily crowd the war, render it impossible for us to spare the requisite time for such a recital. But we would claim the indulgence of our readers whilst we lay before them a RESUME of the advances made month by month, although such narration must needs be cramped and crude enough for the mighty events of which it treats.

Our fiscal year begins with the damps and chills of October, but it breaks in upon us with our watchword "Advance!" It was not many hours old before the troops of the Ottawa division were making a raid on RICHMOND, QUEBEC. It was a real October day, and though the rain poured down in torrents and the mud was ankle-deep, it did not deter our troops from the open-air, and bad weather as well as curiosity helped to drive the crowds inside the place of meeting. "Oh! I'm so glad it rained," said a sister, the rain had forced her into the hall, and the Spirit had drawn her to the Saviour's feet, and showers of Divine compassion and saving grace had broken up the fallow-ground of her heart. Several others found Jesus a sheltering rock that rainy Sunday, and so the fire was started. It was a hard struggle though for a time, the prejudice, bigotry and cruel violence of the French community caused many aching hearts and often sore bodies to our officers; but in spite of all God blessed, and the work was established and continues to progress.

A few days later, in the Hamilton division, an advance was made on DUNVILLE, and here a mighty barrier of prejudice had to be scaled, and our lasses

who bore the brunt of the coldness and suspicion and distrust, crippled as they were with heavy expenses and exorbitant rents, passed many dark days of privation and gloom. But the "life that tells" quietly but irresistably worked upon the hearts of the people, and to-day a fairly good corps is fighting and winning souls for God.

DARTMOUTH, N.S. and STANSTEAD, Quebec, were the next places captured, and on the same day began the ever memorable battle of BROCKVILLE. This was a life or death-struggle, the authorities seemed determined not to tolerate the open-air work, although the people were fairly well disposed to the Army. Captain and Cadet were arrested the first Sunday, and fines and imprisonments were resorted to—reinforcements, however, were sent on, and our people stuck doggedly to their principles, meetings were crowded, and many souls were gloriously saved, and the foundation of a grand work for God was laid down. The judges of the land quashed the convictions of the magistrates and affirmed our right to procession, and the opposition succumbed to the inevitable, and the work of the Salvation Army in Brockville became an acknowledged and ungainsayable fact.

The closing days of the month witnessed attacks upon St. MARY'S and TEESWATER, at both of which places we laboured under singular-difficulties: Other organizations had for a time been in each place, and after a measure of material success having relinquished the position, had left behind them a strong feeling of distrust and suspicion; but time, patience, the clean life, and trust in God, carried us through, and flourishing stations are established.

During November there was a lull in the advance

to plot, to plan and recoup energies; but the bombardment cannonade was heard all round with the opening of December. The first Sunday of the month witnessed the inroad upon **WOODSTOCK**, N.B., and **STELLARTON** and **WESTVILLE**, Nova Scotia. Woodstock opened in army parlance "with a bang;" 40 conversions, says the 1st report, and the work has flourished up to present writing, there has always been a health and vim about this station that has wrought marvels, many, many deep-dyed sinners have been brought to God and the whole community benefitted, and some of its social sores cleansed and removed. Westville too, proved a mighty victory—a hundred souls professing Salvation in the first two weeks, and a flourishing corps to-day testifies to the reality and substantiality of the work done. Of Stellarton "the grandest opening I have ever seen," says the first report, "impossible to describe the victory; seventy out for Salvation," and the work has prospered ever since. This month too opened **BEETON**, in the Barrie division, where a good work is being carried on, and so 1885 closed amidst the din of battles and with the prospect of greater and increasing achievements.

January, eighty-six was crowded with big and momentous events. The event of the month, of course, was the invasion of Newfoundland; but we must first look at a few of the earlier events. On the 17th was commenced the work in **HANOVER**; this little town, in the Palmerston division, is in the heart of a German settlement, and it is known by the sobriquet of Little Germany; although our officers were English speaking, the place opened its arms to them, and very soon Dutch converts were testifying in their own language to their fellow sinners of the place. From the

start a healthy work was inaugurated and here has been formed our first German corps; it is altogether a "blood and fire" concern and is full of the vigor that marks thorough, substantial, lasting, work.

On the 24th, the Ottawa, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia divisions made a simultaneous advance at MAXCOVILLE, ST. GEORGE, and SPRING HILL MINES respectively. These openings were all marked by the crowds who professed conversion, and have each developed into important and flourishing stations. The "Mines," however, demands more than a passing notice. This community, in the heart of the coal field of Nova Scotia, is made up almost entirely of miners, a class proverbial for their recklessness and the gross immorality and sinfulness of their lives, in fact it has been one of the "dark spots" of our dominion. Drink, gambling and profligacy were the marked characteristics of the masses of its people. No sooner, however, had the announcement that "the Army was coming" passed around, than the whole place was moved with excitement and curiosity. Contrary to reasonable expectations, we were received with every demonstration of respect, and vast crowds of attentive, orderly people were present at our first meetings. God met with this people at the outset, sixty-four souls was the first week's report, and many and marvellous were the conversions. Homes have been purified, despairing hearts deep down in sin have been brightened, souls have been saved and sanctified. Nay! more; deep down into the bowels of the earth has this Salvation work penetrated, and the coal mines once resounding with blasphemy and obscenity are to-day re-echoing with the praises of God, and in this place with its surroundings of danger and death, shut

out from the light of day, where sin did much abound, hath grace and salvation much more abounded. Ottawa, P.Q., Division too had a second opening in North Coaticoke, where a good work is in progress.

The last day of this month was the first of the NEW-FOUNDLAND struggle. This proved an epoch in our history. When D. O. Yong arrived at St. John's with his lasses, he found the halls that had been promised and rented, closed against him, and shut off from all resources, he took to the open-air. "JESUS HATED AS MUCH AS EVER, MOBBED THROUGH THE STREETS, OUR HOUSE BESIEGED, GOD WITH US," reads the first telegram received at Headquarters, "God with us!" how true, how prophetic the words. It was a fearful fight, a howling mob, of infuriated semi-civilized, unfortunate women and men broke up the first open-air meeting. Women threatened and slapped on the face our lasses, heaping on them epithets of the foulest calumny. For a time it seemed as though all would stand calmly by, and see this devoted little band done to death by the sin-stricken crowd they had come to rescue. What had they come for? look at the crowd that surrounded them, "Is there not a cause?" is this mass of humanity to go on streaming into endless perdition without an eye to pity or a hand to save? God had ordered it otherwise, this little band He had sent, they had come to their own, and their own received them not. But what can they do? God with us is the sufficient armour and the sequel shows the expediency of it.

At last the honour, the pity of the Island is touched, the press took up the matter; no people could stand by and see this devotion and self-sacrifice hounded to death, and so the reaction set in. No need to rent a

building, soon one was purchased and as soon as the "blood and fire" flag was planted on its roof, and Calvary's Christ lifted up within, a wave of salvation swept the place and sinners by hundreds flocked to His feet and found pardon and cleansing in His blood. If these Newfoundlanders are anything they are thorough, soon the very worst of the mob were marching in our ranks and lifting up Jesus to their old companions, and the devil-inspired persecutors of Christ, became in their turn the persecuted of Hell!

Within two months 200 soldiers were marching in our ranks, and though the fires of persecution have never been slacked, but ever and anon break out in all their fury, though to-day it is no uncommon thing for officers and soldiers, and weak women at that, to be way-laid and kicked and beaten, yet still the work goes on and increases, and we have not all around the world to-day more devoted, patient, enduring, godly soldiers than these hardy Islanders so long left languishing in the sloughs of sin. What good? did some ask at the beginning, the result here has shown the good, as it ever does, and where the opposition is strongest, fiercest, and most unrelenting, there is the field of the greatest triumphs, it has been so, it is so, and it will ever be so until the War shall cease. This shall encourage us:

"And whereso'er in earth's wide field,
We lift for Him, the red-cross shield,
This is our song, our joy, our pride,
Our Champion went before, and died!"

February has a record of victory in common with these other winter months, as the wind and storm outside seem to brighten the glow and enhance the warmth within the curtained room; so the frosts and snows of

the winter surroundings seemed to add fire and brilliancy to these new departures. The first Sunday of the month was marked by four advances. The first of these was KENTVILLE, Nova Scotia, where it appeared as though the whole community were set in a blaze. Crowded halls, attentive open-air meetings and thronged penitent forms were the order of the day. At first the people seemed a little afraid of our sincerity, or as one man expressed it, "They did not know whether we were Christians or theatricals, decent people or black-legs," but all this soon disappeared, and as the power of God shone through the testimony and life of our devoted officers, scores fell at the feet of our conquering Christ. KENTVILLE is a flourishing station to-day, and the soul-saving business still goes on and gathers strength and stability.

CARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I., next claims attention, opened the same day. Owing to the dangerous condition of the ice and floods, it was with difficulty that our officers were able to reach the place on the day fixed for the bombardment. It had been arranged for quite a demonstration at this opening by the Divisional Officer, his staff and some visiting officials, but owing to the above causes a Captain and Cadet were only able to make the journey. These two were the Davids who had to face the Goliath; but God stood by them, great crowds flocked to the meetings, and God manifested Himself in saving power to many souls. The Prince Edward Islanders manifested a very kindly feeling towards us from the start, and the Army has become a settled fact and an acknowledged power for good within their borders, and the work goes on and prospers.

The same day also witnessed the opening of our

work at RENFREW in the Ottawa District, and FEAVERSHAM in the Barrie Territory.

On the 20th, the attack was made on SUMMERSIDE, P.E.I.; here again the season prevented an attack in force, but God was there. The people had been anxiously looking for the advent of the Salvation Army with whom report had made them familiar, but were for a time inclined to keep aloof from us. Of course, curiosity brought out great crowds to the opening meetings, and the Spirit of God took hold of them, and thirty-five cases of Salvation in the first two or three days was the first fruits of the mighty work to be done. The entire separation from the things of the world was for a time a great barrier, people seemed imbued with old time prejudices and did not see why religion denied the indulgence in what to them had been looked upon hitherto as harmless gratifications. Tobacco and the like, for a time, were the hardest enemies to fight, but bye and bye these sturdy Summersiders began to understand the clean life and clean habits, which are the outcome of a clean heart, and to-day these people who were not a people, have become the people of God.

March, with its floods and mud and strong winds, is a month ill-adapted for opening up work; but two places fell before the advancing host. SHEDIAC, New-Brunswick, and SAMBORO, Nova Scotia, were opened under most promising circumstances, and a general awakening followed, bringing Salvation to many souls.

April was a busy month; Marshall Booth was in the Dominion, and many large gatherings occupied the time and required the attention of the directing officers; but the advance tarried not, the chariot still kept moving with ever increasing speed.

The 3rd opened CONESTOGA in the Woodstock district, not a very large place but what will eventually form the nucleus of a large village work. Opposition here was bitter and persevering, the greater part of the people are employed in the brick fields and are at a low ebb of morality and notoriously vicious livers. Violent and protracted as the opposition proves itself to be the victory is in the future and many souls have already been gathered in.

The same day we marched into WINGHAM in the Palmerston Division, and here too we had to live down the unsavory reputation that another organization which had held the field had left behind; but prejudice soon melted down, and the original Salvation Army is now a permanent and welcome instrument for good in the community. PAISELEY too in the same district was attacked and has been a lively working little station since its inception, and many souls have been born of God.

D. O. Yong, of Nova Scotia, at this time made an advance on ANNAPOLIS, an important town and the oldest settlement in that province. Great curiosity was evinced here in regard to ourselves and our movements; our officers on arrival were met by great crowds of people who followed them about the streets and seemed to regard them almost as other than human. All this, of course, tended to the success of their mission, and great crowds packed the place of meeting. Of course, there was a standing off on the part of professors and rough opposition emanating from the votaries of sin; but God fought with us, the first week witnessed twenty conversions, and the work was established on a solid basis and has gone on and is still progressing to a mighty triumph.

This month another advance was made in NEWFOUNDLAND; contingents from St. John were sent to occupy two other towns, BRIGUS and CARBONEAR, and at both places the success was signal and encouraging. At Brigus the first Sunday, there were 222 people out for the 7 o'clock morning knee drill and crowded meetings all day with more than twenty seekers for Salvation, and the first week's report shows fifty-six converts.

The opening of CARBONEAR was equally a success. Seven o'clock Sunday morning 500 people out to pray, and in that first semi-private meeting seven souls were saved. The crowds brought together were very great, and the first four days found forty-three notorious sinners yielding themselves to the claims of the Saviour's dying love. The work at these two stations has been most satisfactory, and through the summer fishing season our soldiers carried the message of peace through Jesus' blood to the stormy coasts of Labrador, and many souls were saved through their testimony.

About the same time the London Divisional troops marched on PARKHILL, a place which had long presented an opposing front, we had been unable to obtain any barrack accommodation; but at last the way was opened for our renting a building and the work went on, and in a few months we were able to secure a lot on which to build. God also spoke through our comrades and many souls were saved. PETITCODIAC, New-Brunswick, was also claimed for the King and a good work instituted, which has continued to progress.

The month of May opened with great advances in the London division; KINGSVILLE, LEAMINGTON and

AILSA CRAIG were simultaneously opened ; also SOUTH-AMPTON, on the shores of Lake Huron, and ODESSA, near to the junction of the St. Lawrence with Ontario. All these stations have been blessed in a wonderful manner and the work has grown and is gaining day by day. The inauguration of the Temple started a sixth corps in Toronto City, and great and marvellous have been the manifestations of God's power to save there.

The 30th May finds Nova Scotian troops again on the advance, this time upon WINDSOR. This is a very proper and respectable town, and a good many thought that there was but little scope for the Army's operations. The result has shown it entirely different ; indeed, from the day of opening to the present writing a blessed work has been done, drunkards have been reclaimed, the worst of sinners brought to God, and the coldest of professors warned to a sense of duty and fired with the Spirit of determination to do it as unto God. A writer, not of the Army, speaking of the Windsor affair, has recently said, "What are the soldiers composed of? Here is a drunkard freed from his bondage as one risen from the dead, his wife and son, some young men who walk to the meeting three or four miles after a hard day's toil in the sun, a sailor or two men of various positions, and the educator and respectable have also come, to use their own expression, 'hungering for Jesus,' and side by side they sit on the platform with reformed drunkards and sinners of all complexions." This, be it borne in mind, is a place where the Army was supposedly not wanted, what must then have been its results in the hundreds of places where confessedly there was a direful need of its ministrations.

The summer months in our Dominion are not, to say the least of it, the best adapted part of the year for our operations. The heat and light of the evenings are not calculated to help the gathering of large crowds into public buildings. Then again, the shortness of our summers renders it imperative for both soldiers and people to be more than occupied in the work of harvesting the crops and the other labours of this season, and of course this is doubly applicable to the country townships. But in spite of all, the advance goes on. June was a busy month—the first Sunday opens with the bombardment of ALMONTE and CARLETON PLACE in the Montreal, and DORCHESTER in the New Brunswick divisions. The following week London advances on AMHERSTBURGH, and FERGUS. The last place had become a prey to our greatest obstacle, unfaithful work on the part of some who had adopted our measures, but being lovers of themselves rather than souls, had fallen into disrepute and suspicion. Still the weapons of our warfare must prevail and God is being glorified in this place.

The two last weeks of the month were marked by an advance of the Kingston lines. NEWBURGH, a thriving town in Lennox county and YARKER, a village in its vicinity were simultaneously attacked as station and outpost and a good work established. The following Sunday WELLINGTON was invaded, and though only a small community a work is being done and a corps built up.

July was marked by some important advances in the Eastern divisions PEMBROKE (Ottawa), was invaded on the 4th and although a good deal of prejudice was evident a work was started and has continued to progress.

PARSBORO, Nova Scotia, was the next attack, and

here the people received us with open arms. Our first meetings were times of signal success, the order was perfect and deep conviction settled on the people. No less than fifty souls found the Saviour in the first week and twenty more in the second, and so from week to week the work has gone on and God has wonderfully manifested Himself in saving power.

A week afterwards two New Brunswick towns were awakened by the beating of the hallelujah drum. BATHURST was, by report, a highly religious moral, town, but it soon became apparent why God had sent us there. The doors of the hall were not opened many minutes for the first meeting before every corner was packed with every class and grade of the people. Interest was aroused and conviction deep, but at first there was a great reluctance to yield to the strivings of the Spirit. At the second meeting however, souls were found weeping their way into forgiveness, and the christian people began to step into their proper position and take part in the work. Since then a steady work has been going on and good results are following.

Our artillery was next brought to bear upon CAMPBELTOWN, and here for a time the energy proved very still-born, though undemonstrative, but the break came, and a genuine steady work of depth and power continues to go on. For a comparatively new station, this place holds a good position and gives promise of yet being a power and a light to the division.

August was a month of comparative quietude as regards the advance upon new territory; but two important places in New Brunswick were attacked. On the 1st our lasses marched unto NEWCASTLE, and "the devil's kingdom is being ruined here," reads their first despatch. In the first meeting, many

Christians publicly thanked God for answering prayer in sending the Army to the place. Soul-saving began at the start, many were saved during the first week, and in the second Sunday night's meeting about twenty souls came "with a rush" and sought pardon of their sins. The work has steadily prospered, and Newcastle will stand high amidst our trophies.

The following week brings CHATHAM, N.B., under fire, and although coldness and indifference, our worst enemies, were prevalent enough, good crowds attended the meetings, and twenty souls were saved in the first two weeks. Of course, Chatham is one of those good enough places where the followers of the lowly Jesus, and those who dare to be downright and peculiar in their endeavours to win souls meet with a good many frowns and get a good many hard names; but our lasses are leaving the brunt of this, strong in the consciousness of God's smile and rewarded with the vision of souls seeking Salvation. Chatham is ours for God notwithstanding.

Our year closes with a month of triumphs all round and crowded with events of importance. The General was amongst us, but all the work of preparing for his welcome did not interfere with the prosecution of the "Advance." Sunday, September 9th, finds the Guelph braves opening fire on BERLIN. It had been a hard dogged fight to get in here at all, and if warnings and threats could have retarded us, we would not have been there to-day. In some respects this was the hardest and most obstinate nut of the year but it is cracked. The first Sunday was marked with rowdyism which has been rarely equalled in the Dominion. The devil will lose something here or he would never have made such a struggle; smashed windows and

bruised bodies were the principal results of the first few days' fight. The authorities did not seem at all disposed to move in the matter, and with hardly an exception, the whole community seemed inclined to insist upon our retiring; but, still we hung on to God and our position. One newspaper had the courage to demand justice for us, but the paper was boycotted and the editor mobbed; yet, in spite of all, God worked, and the last reports from the town journals say that our enemies have had to give in; order reigns in our meetings and many souls are being saved.

WINDSOR, Ontario, is our next move, where we had been trying to effect a breach for some time without effect; the people too had been deluded by a shadow; therefore, the substance was gladly welcomed, and the Salvation Army, one and indivisible, has a fine footing there, and souls are being brought to God as a consequence.

DUNBRO and HUNTSVILLE, Ontario, were opened in the second week of this month with success, and are sweeping on to victory; and as our year closes on the eve of our fourth anniversary, LIVERPOOL and YARMOUTH, in Nova Scotia, were attacked under the most promising circumstances, and already crowds are seeking and finding the Saviour. These two last departures are a fitting close to a year of wonderful advances, and to those who still ask the question, "Does it stand?" As regards our work, we can only, at the close of this third chronicle of our "Advance," point to the long string of Salvationists in our Dominion as with the mind's eye we see them from east and west and north and south march past in one grand rejoicing jubilant procession.

An advance upon, and a victory in sixty stations

during the past year is the best answer to critics, and as with satisfaction we can look back upon the advance of the year it is a matter for still greater thankfulness that we can run our eyes along the forts from No. 1 in Toronto city to No. 206 away at Liverpool; Nova Scotia with their 69 outposts, nestling at the side of their mother corps, and find not only that all are standing in their places, but are doing their work, blessing the communities amongst which God has built them up, and week by week winning souls for His glory. God has indeed blest us, and remembering this one toil and sacrifice, the misjudgement and misunderstanding of men around, the persecution and slander hatched in hell and sown broadcast from the hand of the Arch-fiend himself, all sink to nothingness, before the quietude and peace of our own conscience and the sunshine of the smile of our leader and God, Jehovah. Thus far He has brought us and the future is in the same loving omnipotent hand.

-O-!-O-!-O-

Then soldiers hold your own—the land before you,
 'Tis open—win your way—nor think of rest.
 So sounds our War-note; and our path to glory,
 By "Go 'speeds!" from each Child of Light is blest!

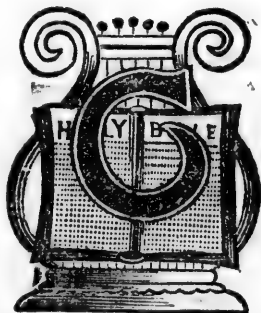


THE SUFFERERS.

CHAPTER III.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give to thee a crown of life."

Unfurl Salvation's standard, and follow through the strife,
Our noble Army thus shall win the martyr's crown of life;
Our ancestors dared die for truth, and braved the fire's glow,
How can we let the Standard fall, and yield it to the foe.



REAT as the past year has found
our work advancing in public es-
timation, and whilst God has
given to us of the staunchest
friends, and helped us to win
our way to public esteem and
confidence, although day by day the Canadian people
were becoming more convinced, not only of our sincer-

ity and the purity of our motives, but also of the reality and necessity of our existence as a power for good in the land. Yet from the increase of our territory, the new faces we have come in contact with and the ground approached where we were not known, and above all, the desperate efforts of that Power of Evil which is our only enemy; the last year has been equally marked for the vigor of the opposition as for the brilliancy of the advance.

Every engine that a crafty and wily foe could bring against us has been brought to the front, every design to impede that could be concocted in hell, and which the devil could persuade his dupes to put into execution, has been relentlessly thrown in our path to deter us from duty, or persuade us to give up the struggle. But we thank God that another year's refining fires having passed through our ranks, find our people purified in life and desire and more than ever determined to force the fighting to the glorious end.

Our New Year was only eleven days old when Capt. Wiggins and Cadet Bell were jailed at Brockville for singing upon the streets. As their voices rang out in the quiet Sabbath air warning the indifferent that crowded the streets of the town, to prepare for the eternal Sabbath and the streets of the Golden City, they were seized with the most unnecessary violence, and jostled and hurried to the common jail; and the next day being brought before the magistrates, they were sentenced to 10 days imprisonment for the crime of warming the people of the ultra-cultured town of Brockville to escape that Hell which is the irrevocable doom of all sinners and those that forget God. The sentence was completed, and as a matter of course, the offence committed upon the earliest possible opportu-

nity, and another arrest was resorted to—but an appeal to the judges ended the persecution, and our officers were conscious of having glorified God by an imprisonment which the highest courts pronounced illegal and unjust.

Major Glover (then Staff Capt.) and Staff Capt. Griffiths (the Welsh Minstrel) were arrested at Walkerton for holding an open-air meeting, but were released on promising to answer a charge which was never preferred against them. Just about this time Lieut. Hodges was sent to jail at Chesley for ten days for holding an open-air meeting, which sentence was gladly endured for the sake of God and precious souls.

It was not only by violence and imprisonment to the bodies of our officers that the enemy sought to hinder our work, but attacks upon property were, from time to time, resorted to. A neat little barracks which had been built for us at Glencoe was on the day of the last arrest fired by incendiaries, and totally destroyed. This did not interfere with the work there, for nine or ten months the little band of heroes stuck to their post, and God has at length open a means by which a new barracks can be erected.

On the first of January Capt. Collier, at Woodstock, Ontario, was the victim of a cowardly attack of a ruffian, as she stood in the open-air, viz.—A sharp-pointed stick was thrown, which striking her in the face, almot cut the eye from its socket, and she narrowly escaped with her sight. It pleased God, however, to answer prayer, and she recovered. The poor deluded victim of evil escaped detection, and God so blessed the outrage to His own purposes, that a feeling of indignation swept over the place, always well disposed to us, and the circumstance made for us many friends and helpers.

On the 27th of this same month Cadet Beaver, a young lad, was set upon by a crowd of rascals on the public street of Prescott, and terribly beaten. There seems to have been no possible cause for this treatment, and it seemed that the devil having primed his tools with liquor, let them loose upon the lad, for no other reason than that he was a child of God.

About this time certain public functionaries in the very select and important corporation of NEWCASTLE thought it in consonance with their public duty and advantageous to our common Christianity, to arrest Capt. Outram and several soldiers for shouting HALLELUJAH upon the streets. The magistrate, however, after ransacking all his authorities found, to his expressed disappointment, that he could not legally punish, and so had to discharge them. The consequence was that there were greater victories and louder shouts of praise than ever.

March was a month of storms, Capt. Todd a devoted lass in charge of the corps at Paris, was warned several times to discontinue beating drums upon the streets. However, she chose rather to obey God than man, and seeing that military parades, travelling shows, medicine vendors and a host of others were permitted to do so without interference, she stuck to her post and her duty. Consequently she was committed to the County Jail for ten days. Here the enemy defeated his own ends as is his usual fate. The whole district was aroused with indignation, and not only in Paris but in the city of Brantford where the jail is situated there were wonderful demonstrations on her release, and many souls were saved. Inside the prison walls this devoted lass carried the "good tidings," and her ten days' sojourn was blessed alike to jailers and prisoners, and souls found the light and

blessing of salvation whilst she was amongst them.

BRAMPTON, the county town of Peel was the next place in which the fire broke out. Capt. Galletly who was treated with great harshness by the authorities from his first appearance amongst them, was at length arrested and sent to jail for ten days with hard labour for marching in the streets. This sentence was carried out of health, was not only debarred from the visits of his young wife who too was in a delicate state, but the extra nourishment which the jail surgeon not only ordered but desired to furnish from his own table, was kept back by the express order of the Sheriff. This terror to evil doers and supposed praise to those that do well, also illegally detained the Captain some sixteen hours over the usual time of discharge in order to prevent his comrades from receiving him with a welcome on his release. This, however, was futile and a few minutes after twelve on the Sabbath morning the doors were opened and the Captain found his comrades waiting to receive him with every usual demonstration.

Adjutant VanAllen was about this time the subject of a brutal attack at HAMILTON, being there to conduct special meetings with his divisional officer, he was struck senseless outside the door of the barracks by a blow on the head. His assailant was heavily fined by the magistrate, but this did not deter him from following the Adjutant on to the cars next day, and being guilty of the most offensive and brutish conduct.

The authorities of PETERBORO were the next to enter into the now popular diversion of persecuting Salva-

tionists, in fact there was an epidemic of this kind of thing for a season, which we can only liken to the "Methody-baiting" in which our ancestors indulged in days of yore. But what makes it very peculiar is that we find in some places, Brampton in particular, that Methodists, so called, were in the front ranks of the persecutors. Capt. Bertha Smith, Lieut. Leadly and eight soldiers were fined at Peterboro for singing on the streets, and branded as "vagrants," the fines were not paid but the "baiters" suddenly stopped their amusement and did not proceed to imprisonment.

Capt. Galletly, at Brampton, again finds himself in the grasp of the constable, if not the law. As he was praying on his knees on the street in broad daylight on the evening of a summer Sabbath, the chief guardian of the peace, and protector of the peaceful citizens, seizes him by the throat, drags him from his knees across the road, and flinging him violently to the ground, proceeds to kick him as he lays there in intense pain and distress. This was done before a crowd of townspeople and in the presence of his own soldiers, who, whilst loving and respecting their leader, and perfectly within their rights as citizens, thank God, possessed sufficient of the Spirit of Christ to bear the outrage meekly and to pray for the brute, although a member of a Christian church, who was guilty of this dastardly conduct. The Captain, not by any means a healthy or strong man, suffered very considerably from his encounter with this uniformed ruffian.

Bro. Roosher, of the Lakefield corps, was the next to glorify God and witness a good confession in the prison cell. He was brought before the village magis-

trate and sent to jail for no less a period than two months for the unheard of enormity of beating a tambourine upon the street. Our comrade patiently and manfully fulfilled his term in Peterboro jail, the walls of his cells ringing with his praises to God, and the conversion of some of his fellow prisoners witnessing to the presence and blessing of God upon his imprisonment for Christ. The day of his release will long be remembered all through the district, and hundreds of people turned out to witness his release, and testify of their indignation at the prostitution of justice and the magisterial office in his punishment. Another brother who was also convicted, appealing against the decision, was completely exonerated by the courts who declared the utterly illegality of the decision.

The next testimony as to the reality and God-like character of our mission, for all they that live godly must endure persecution, was the firing and destruction of our beautiful barracks on the night of the 10th August. This was something altogether new in KINGSTON, where we have a firm footing and are always well treated; but there is very little doubt that our building was willfully fired, whether by citizens or strangers, we cannot tell. However, the people came nobly to our assistance, and a larger, better and more substantial building is rapidly going up. This made the third building that incendiary fires had destroyed, the building at Owen Sound having also, for the second time, been destroyed during the year; and here a splendid new barracks has been put up and was given to God for the Salvation of souls during the recent visit of the General to that place.

Major Glover was visiting the corps at BRUSSELS,

and returning here after meeting, was severely beaten by an infuriated mob, who seemed to have been exasperated to a state of frenzy from no apparent cause. Capt. Florence too was arrested and fined at CANNINGTON, and would have gone to jail had not some townspeople insisted on paying the fine.

Again the blaze of opposing fire breaks out at LINDSAY, and Captain Berther Smith is sent to jail for ten days with hard labour for "loitering on the streets," the real act was praying outside a tavern. Of course, the Captain was ready to go to prison and went, but it seemed as though the very refinement of cruelty and offensiveness had been brought to bear in the sentence, where she was classed with those of her sex who "loiter" in our streets for loathsome and immoral purposes. A pleasing incident there is, however, in connection with this outrage. No sooner had the news of her being sent to jail reached her old station, Riverside, Toronto, than several unsaved lads who had attended her meetings there got together, and raising the funds, sent one of their number to Lindsay jail to pay the fine and set the Captain free. This incident, trifling as it may seem, goes far to show the hold that our Army has taken upon the hearts of the class that might be supposed to be farthest away from us, and it assuredly has been demonstrated over and over again in individuals as well as in communities that those who are apparently our most bitter opponents, in their hearts have at least admiration and respect.

The year winds up with more trouble at MONTREAL. Major Margetts being there for some special meetings, it would seem as though the devil had arranged for special effort to prevent the work of God. On

the Saturday evening, whilst our comrades were marching the street, a carter attempts to drive over the ranks and endanger the lives of some of the lasses. The seargeants seeing his intention, try to lead the horse away from the ranks to the side of the street, where it should be, and where there was ample room. The driver resents this, and with volleys of abuse, commences to assault those who were protecting themselves and their comrades from danger. The police patrol appears on the scene, and instead of protecting those who were availing themselves of their rights, sides with the aggressor and hauls several Salvationists to jail.

Here the matter did not end, on the following morning the Major, with the Captain and soldiers, proceed to hold an open-air meeting on one of the quays outside a notorious rendez-vous of the vicious and depraved. A song is sung and all are on their knees pleading with God for the Salvation of the godless crowd around. The police suddenly appear, and rushing through the kneeling soldiers approach the Captain who is in prayer, and as he kneels with clasped hands pleading with God, they fasten manacles about his wrists, and dragging him from his knees, hurry him away all unresisting to the prison.

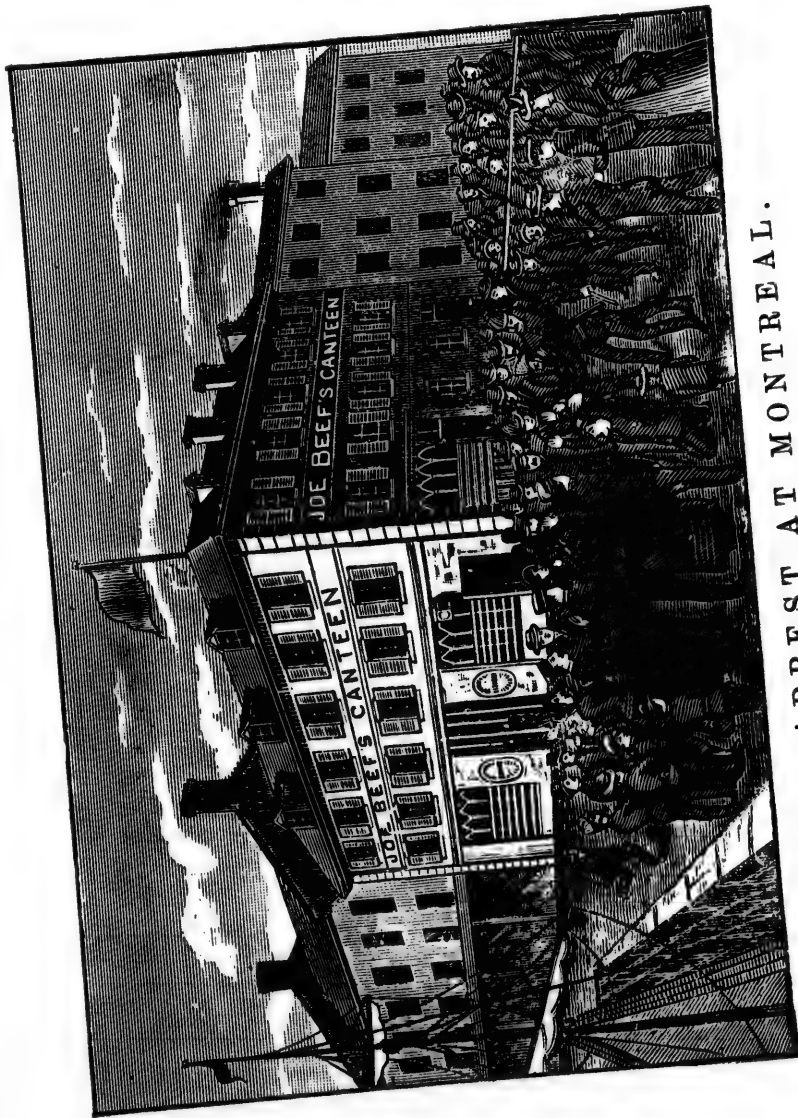
The Major and soldiers stick to their post and proceed with the meeting; in a few moments the police again appear and seizes the Major, hurrying him along with all possible indignity and violence, to prison, amidst the cries of shame! from some of the most depraved of the city standing around, whilst the sailors of the ships laying in the river are loud in their condemnation of the transaction.

Our comrades were kept for six hours in the cells,

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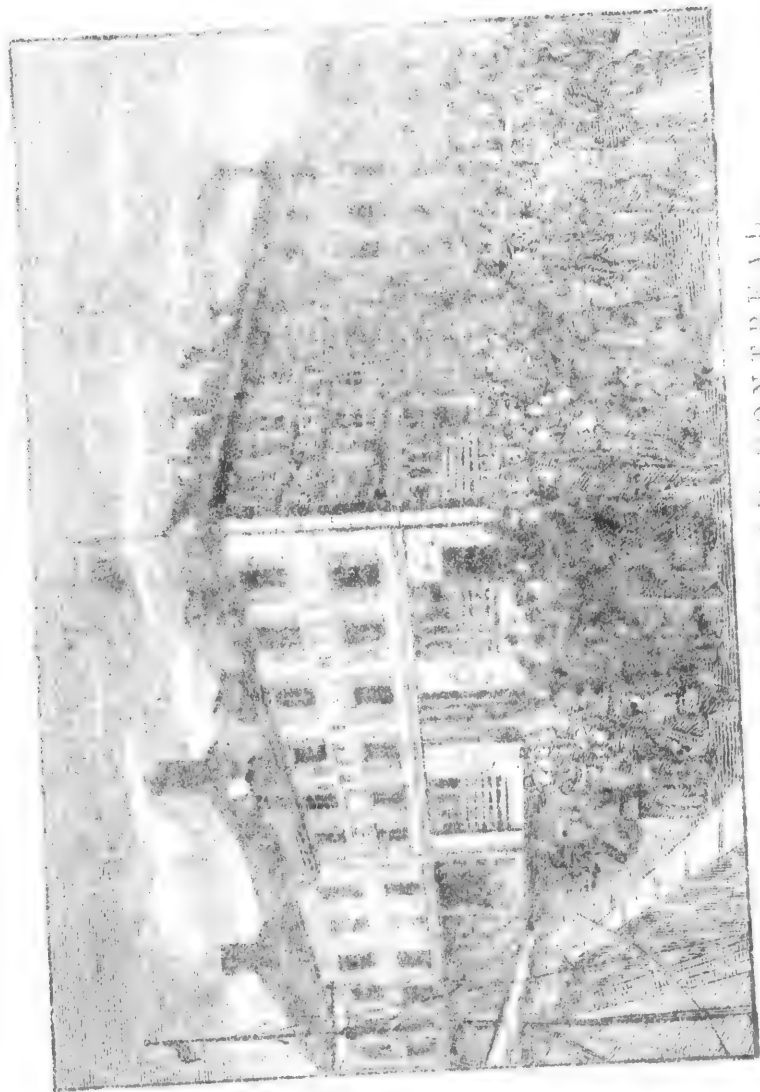
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THE ARREST AT MONTREAL.

FERRIS AT MONTREAL.



THE APPEAL AT MONTREAL.

When they were admitted to bail, and arriving at the hall in time for the night meeting, were welcomed with delight, and a most powerful and profitable meeting is enjoyed, and God crowned the day with Salvation.

After several remarks and other routine, in which precious God-devoted time was lost and expense and anxiety laid upon us, our people were acquitted of any offence, and those that had interfered with them declared to be the aggressors, and again were the Salvationists vindicated in the legality of their proceedings; and the voice of the law comes to the aid of common sense, and declares that they have been despitely and wrongfully used.

These circumstances in their recital may seem trivial enough, but they are powerful arguments to put the acts of the Salvation Army on a parallel with the Acts of the Apostles. In every case it has been the same, whilst the common people have been hearing, gladly, the authorities, moved, no doubt by the Pharaeism of the day, and also by those whose ILLEGITIMATE interests have been threatened by the purifying and cleansing and christianising of the masses, have raised a tumult, beaten and imprisoned those against whom they have been incited, and at the finish the higher authority has to acquit the accused and to condemn the so-called guardians of law and order for their breach of the public peace.

As to the suffering it has brought upon our officers and soldiers, with them it is a small matter, and they have been strengthened with the conscious blessing of those who have suffered persecution for righteousness sake. That these persecutions will ever cease we do not suppose, or even hope, false judgment and harsh

treatment at the hands of the world has always and will always be the grand mark of God's children. It was so with the Master, who went from prison unto death, it will be so with the disciple who is not above his master, and as these things have been done in the green tree, so shall they be in the dry.

As we look back upon the catalogue of persecutions of the year, that is part, and rejoicing in all the precious lessons and blessings they have brought, we go hopefully forward to the persecutions of the year that is coming, knowing that these light afflictions shall work out for Him whose we are and Whom we serve a far more exceeding and abundant weight of glory.

He that is for us is far more than all that can be against us, and we have His assurance that He will abide with us even unto the end.

All the nights and all the days
Never failing, never frowning,
With His loving kindness crowning,
Gilding every cross with praise.



INCIDENTS OF THE FIGHT.

CHAPTER IV.



"Fighting, fighting on the narrow way
The way may be rough, and the fight-
ing rough,
But we shall win the day."

AID a minister to me one day on the cars: "Your people are always in the fight you know, and that's what makes them hardy," This was a very true and a very common-sense remark, our people are continually in the fight and thank God that makes and keeps them hardy. It is hardly possible to imagine a life more crowded with incident, or more varied in its experiences than the life of a Salvationist, and what is the experience of the individual officer or soldier, is intensified in the daily varied scenes and shadows of the fighting existence of a division, a country,

or the army at large. There is a great temptation in starting to write an account of the incidents connected with a fight or a battle ground, to lift the veil a little and show to the world something of that inner life which is the moving power and principle of the Salvation War. It would not be an uninstructional picture for the world to look upon, if it could be taken away from itself and put into our inner circle for a time, and could feel a little of the warmth and glow of that electric current which binds and blends our beloved Army, into a great compacted whole. "There is a charm," said a medical man one day, "in the society of your officers, that I do not see elsewhere, and I can only attribute it to what I might call a oneness of principle." "What might the principle be, doctor?" said his patient. "Well, it seems to me," he says, "the principle of being right, of keeping right, of keeping each other right, and of getting every one else right." I don't know if the good doctor had written a book, if he could have more clearly expressed our principle and our aim. Two lives that are lived for a common object must necessarily be drawn together, and it is a one grand, common object that has drawn from all nations and peoples and languages, and colours, individual souls and hearts and lives together, and that object is nothing less noble, nor less grand, than the object of the World's Salvation.

It is this object then that moves the whole machinery, it is this object and nothing short of this object that prompts the self-sacrifice, the self-devotion, and the deeds of desperate heroism, which day by day go to make up the incidents of the war.

For various reasons we shall not attempt to chronicle all the deeds of moral heroism and christian

chivalry that have gone to make up our history of the year that is past, the patience, the long suffering toil, the weariness and heartsickness, the tears for souls, the bread of carefulness, the water of affliction, the watchings, the fastings, the wrestlings for souls, are treasured up in the hearts of thousands who in this land have watched and been edified day by day with the spectacle, and if it were not so, are they not written in the chronicles of God? and treasured there they will not be forgotten in the day when the rewards and decorations are distributed to His troops.

But great as the temptation may be, we must be content with glancing very briefly at some of the more remarkable incidents that have made the history of the past year's war. The first incident that occurs to our mind was that wonderful gathering of saved drunkards in Toronto City in November, 1885. It was, perhaps, never till then that the Army had been recognized as the mighty instrument it really is for the reclaiming of inebriates. The testimonies that were then given as to the effects of Salvation and the reality of the power of the grace of God not only to keep drunkards sober but to destroy the very appetite itself, awakened in a way perhaps never equalled, all thinking men as to the real cure for the nations besetting sin. And many names of note from that time became enrolled among our staunchest friends. Indeed, we do not know but what that demonstration laid the foundation of that bulwark of public respect which has grown around us during the past twelve months.

About this time we were re-inforced by some arrivals from the old land, notably amongst these being Major Mobly and Staff Capt. Body D. O. We shall not easily forget that first march and jubilee with

the Riverside braves to welcome D. O. Body to our midst, but what left the greatest charm upon our memory was neither the mud nor the enthusiasm but the souls that fell into Jesus's arms.

A wonderful Christmas party assembled at the new Temple building and aroused the city with their songs and volleys on Christmas-day, and many souls fell that night before the power of God.

New Year brought with it a series of victories all round, the whole Canadian wing of the Army spent the last hours of the old year in deep self-examination and contrition of heart, and God gave a marvellous first-fruits of souls for the first few weeks of the new year. About this time there were a long series of presentations of colours to many corps all through the divisions, and a very close scrutiny showed that in almost every case, as the corps pledged themselves to God and the flag, the Divine approval was shown in a very marked manner by a large ingathering of souls.

The fight through January and February was very keen and although it seemed that the storms and elements warred against us, these months stand out very clearly as times of peculiar blessings and the manifestations of God's power to save.

Deeds of fortitude and soldierly courage under difficulty were blessedly frequent, and we remember very distinctly the case of two lads. Lieut. and Cadet, who in a far off outpost, lived, slept, fought and conquered in a cold barracks and almost the only warmth they had was the fire of God's love that burned in their hearts, and sent out an overflow glow that enkindled a flame in other hearts around. Another case presents itself to our notice of a lad cadet just

away from a home of comfort, who for six weeks, fought alone without a friend, sleeping in the barracks without covering, turning from side to side by the stove, to keep life and warmth within. Away down below zero was the mercury at that time, and another cheering letter from another backwoods station reads, "sleeping in the barracks on the boards, a stove wood stick for a pillow, no food but bread, wood sawing before fire-lighting, happy as kings sons, and souls coming to Jesus." Instance after instance could be related of precious comrades fighting an uphill fight, but in all cases "enduring hardness as good soldiers."

A gleam of sunshine breaks in upon the winter, scene just here as we note the marriage of two officers, Capt. Campbell and Lieut. Boyd, at Woodstock. At one of those gatherings where the light and brightness and sanctified glee of the Hallelujah family come so refreshingly to the fore. The world and some Christians are inclined to be a little censorious some times about the little exuberances of these festive times; but could they know what these gleams of sunshine sometimes mean to many hearts, could they but realize how some of those faces now so gladsome in their aspect, and those eyes so bright with joyous congratulations for their comrades, are often worn with suffering and solitude and the eyes red with weeping over wayward souls. Could they but enter into the experiences behind the scenes and in the chamber of vigils and watchings for souls and struggles with the world and its ties, they would look with a less critical eye upon the outcome of the joy of meeting comrades and friends in the fight.

A fight in a snow drift would, perhaps, best describe

the aspect of things just now; staff and visiting officers had a pretty rough time for the few last weeks of the winter, "snowed up" was the general cry all round, days of delay could not be avoided, and it was almost a matter of impossibility to keep engagements. The Commissioner started for a long tour in the Maritime Provinces, and right at the outset he was imprisoned one hundred and thirty hours in a snowed-up car. This tour was the feature of the spring right through New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia into Newfoundland; it was a progress of rejoicing power and Salvation. The demonstrations at Halifax and St. John's Newfoundland were marvellous times, and at the latter place no less than fifty souls were saved on the Sunday of his visit; but this by no means was an isolated case. In every station through the Maritime Provinces souls in large numbers were sanctified and saved.

With the Spring, several New Barracks were opened, notably, the splendid building at Hamilton. Perhaps, up to that time, this was the most remarkable gathering in Ontario; for four days the city was crowded with officers and troops; a Council of marvellous power and blessing was held for three days, and the public meetings and all-night of prayer were marked by a depth and earnestness seldom excelled. Many souls were saved, and hundreds testified to cleansing and sanctification. About this time, Bowmanville had a happy gathering at the marriage of Captains Mutton and Milikin, who, amidst showers of blessings, were united for the War.

On the 18th May, Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs, with a large contingent of Officers, left for the Inter-

national Congress in England. A good deal of sadness had been cast over all ranks by the illness of Mrs. Coombs, and the sympathy expressed on all sides must have carried great consolation to the Commissioner's heart, and their departure caused much pain and anxiety throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion, so the very critical state of Mrs. Coombs seemed to render it very doubtful if either or both would return to the troops, who had learned to love them so well. Deep and earnest were the prayers that followed them, and, as message after message was received, bringing news of recovery and returning strength, greater confidence was inspired in doubting hearts as to the answer to their united prayers. During the Commissioner's absence the war was prosecuted with all vigor and success, and God blessed and saved on every hand. A great Camp Meeting at Big Bay Point, although much interfered with by adverse weather, was a marvellous outpouring of the Holy Ghost, and a splendid work was done in the fuller consecration and sanctification of souls.

The divisional gatherings at various places of interest on the 24th of May and Dominion Day, were signally blessed by God, and our Country on every hand was edified in a manner perhaps never before equalled, with the spectacle of God's children spending a national holiday to God's glory in the Salvation of souls.

At this time, too, there was a great inroad upon and awakening amongst the vicious and depraved of Toronto city. After the opening of the New Temple, which will be treated of in another chapter, it was a blessedly frequent sight to see bands of soldiers bringing drunkards and harlots into the barracks and getting

them saved. Thank God this work continues, altho' much crippled for want of proper places to bring these reclaimed ones where they can have a fair chance to start for virtue and sobriety.

Throughout the summer months very special effort was made to reach the masses of the city. A systematic work was carried on in the open-air; the Yorkville Corps visited each Sunday the crowds congregated in the Queen's Park, where they were listened to by thousands, and there is no doubt a work was done. Riverside soldiers, too, visited the public park in their district, and were greeted by orderly and respectful crowds who listened eagerly to the good news. The Island, from time to time, was bombarded with "War Cry" Brigades, and the Saviour of men was lifted in season and out of season with blessed results.

It was with glad hearts that we welcomed back to our ranks the Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs, marvellously restored in health, and all our other comrades who had been away to the Congress, and we realized that they brought light and vigor and renewed energies to help us in the fight. With them, too, came a host of reinforcements for our lines, and more especially were we glad to welcome our French-speaking comrades, who had come to carry Salvation into the eastern extremities of the Dominion. This looks like advance, was everyone's cry, and it is the mark of a true Salvationist that they are ever eagerly desiring to press on and break new ground.

With them, too, came the Hindoo brigade, who had come, for a time, to help in the fight and teach us all new lessons of devotion and self-sacrifice.

Many and brilliant had been the exploits of our comrades in the "old land," everywhere had they been re-



RESIDENT SUBSIDIARY.

them said. "Thank God this is a new chapter, although much more work is needed if progress is to be made. We are going to redouble our efforts to bring them to the change of heart that is the only way to lasting peace and stability."

It was not until the summer of 1918 that a special effort was made to reach the island. The first medical work was done by the U. S. Army at the Fort Verde Care Station. The work was so successful that it was enough to give the islanders a new hope. The U. S. Army then sent a large number of men to the island to work on the roads and to build a new hospital. The men were very kind and respectful and they told the islanders of the good news. The island, from that time on, was made a part of the "War Cry" territory and the name of the island was changed to "War Cry" territory. The islanders were very happy and they were very grateful to the U. S. Army.

[illegible]

With them, too, came the teacher, Mr. B., who had come, for a time, to help in the work, and teach me all new lessons of fiction and self-writing.

Many and brilliant had been the exploits of the comrades in the "old land," everywhere had they been



SERGEANT NURSI GOPAL.

ceived with a real Hallelujah welcome, and God had blessed and used them. Our Canadian Indians had been one of the great features of the Congress, and had been a standing witness to the reality of the Salvation War in Canada. There is no doubt that this International Congress has been a great blessing to us all round—to those that stayed at home as well as to those that were privileged to attend—and it has drawn the Hallelujah people of all nations closer together, and has, in a sense, already inaugurated the time when nation and kindred shall be for ever swallowed up in the universal family of God's own children.

The visit of the contingent from Hindostan was a great help and blessing to the work in Canada, the marvellous powerful testimony of Capt. Narain Das, the earnest pleading and winning manner of the Hindoo Sergeant, and the patient toil and thorough self-renunciation of Major Jai Bhai made a deep and lasting impression on all sides. The devotion and self-sacrifice of officers was intensified and extended and scores were stirred to a deeper and more entire consecration. The people of our Dominion contributed blessedly to the Hindostan and French Canadian work, and number of officers and soldiers volunteered for the Jungle War. Eight officers were selected for the Indian work, and they left amid the blessings and God-speeds of their comrades and friends for their life work on the burning sands of India. So the Canadian branch, as she enters upon the fifth year of her experience, has already lent a helping hand for the evangelization of the world.

Thus have we hurriedly glanced at some of the greater incidents and gatherings of the year. As we have already hinted at the commencement of the chapter,

the incidents of personal devotion and Godliness in the fight, whilst they are as numerous as the days and hours gone by, are only chronicled in Heaven. But we have to thank God to-day, more than ever, for the mighty host of holy-devoted souls that He has gathered around the staff that bears the Army flag. As we increase in years, thank God our people increase in Godliness and virtue as well as in numbers, and as we reach out to the higher heights and deeper depths of His grace and love, we are consequently knit closer together in Him, and are filled with a greater love and a more eager desire for the Salvation of souls. To-day, more than ever, the Army stands strong in its own resources; the officers who have been born in her ranks are pushing their way upward in her roll. It was the last act almost of our General on his visit, to raise to the Staff rank some six or seven officers, who, for the most part, have been born on Canadian soil, saved under the Army flag that carries the maple-leaf, trained on the field of Canada's fight, and go on to lead and train hundreds of their fellow countrymen and women for the Salvation War and Canada's Salvation.

Oh! may God increase the number, and thus shall Canada's soldiery of the one world wide Salvation Army sweep on to win the world for God. Conscious of one mission and our call we thus go on and lose no chance to save our fellow-man,

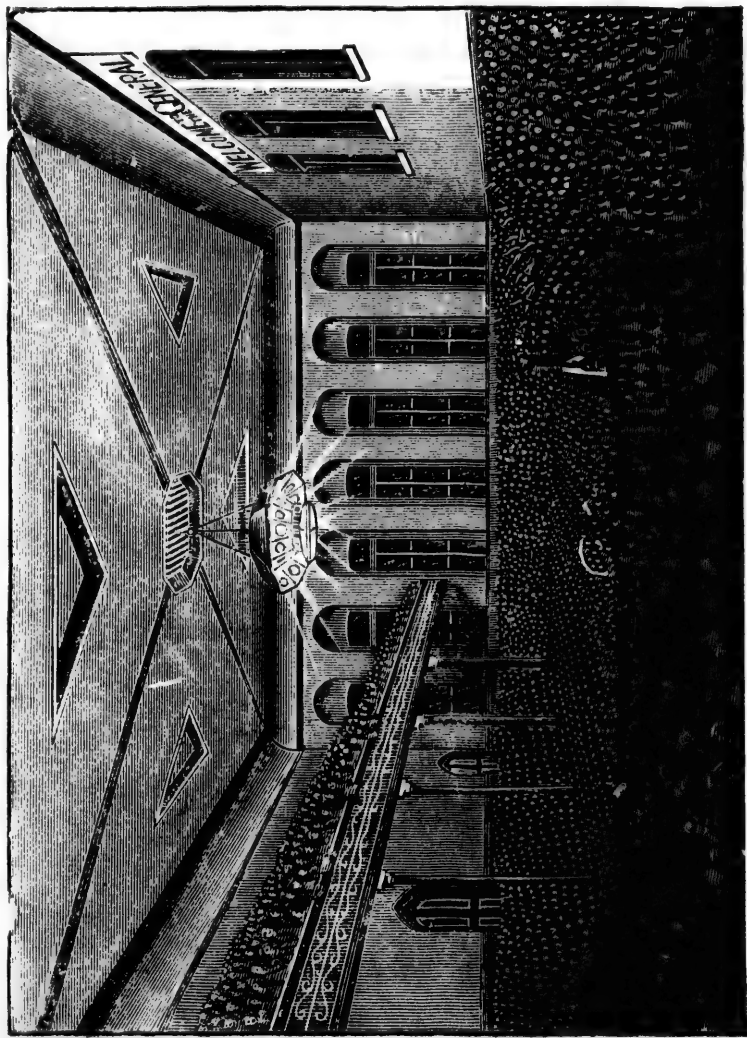
For he who joy on other's paths has thrown,
Will find there's some left over for his own,
And he who leads his brother to the sky
Will in the journey bring himself more nigh,



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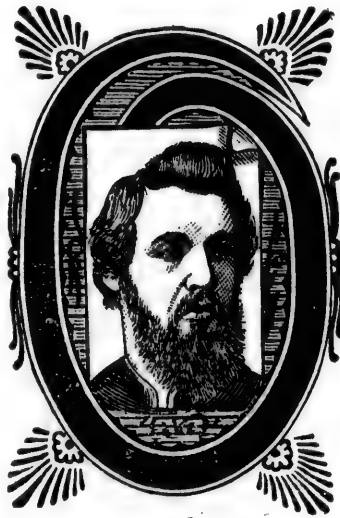


THE GENERAL IN THE TEMPLE.



REVIEWS.

CHAPTER V.



With trumpets braying, timbrels
ringing,
Pressing forward like a surging sea;
With hearts on fire, our all to Jesus
bringing,
Nor rest we till, the world from sin
is free.

Visit of Marshal Booth.

THE R demonstrations already dwelt upon had not been without their fruit; but if there were anything wanted to solidify and establish the Salvation Army in our Dominion as part and parcel of the commonwealth it was all consummated in the visit of Colonel Ballington Booth and the opening of the great Temple and Head-Quarters at Toronto. There were, doubtless, some who hitherto from one

cause or another, most probably because they had never troubled themselves to become acquainted with our work, had looked upon the Army with supreme indifference, or saw in it only the disorganized outcome of mistaken zeal on the part of an altogether poor and powerless faction. But it would appear that from the moment the Marshal struck Canadian soil, and the first burst of the jubilation that marked the Temple opening was heard that the whole community awoke to the fact that, all unconscious as they might be of it, there had grown up in its midst a mighty engine of reformation which was steadily and surely advancing to the emancipation of the masses from the toils of the devil, the domination of sin and the fetters of vice and intemperance. Even in the metropolitan city where the Army had been for four years busily at work and in the midst of which the Temple itself had for a year and a half been day by day advancing to its present stately and beautiful proportions, there were thousands who apparently were hardly aware of the Army's existence or had studiously ignored it as a factor in the mighty work of elevating and christianizing the vicious of its population. But no sooner had the Marshal arrived than all, press, pulpit, and public awoke as with a start from the slumber of indifference, to the fact that amongst them was a people who were scattering light and blessing, sobriety and salvation broadcast through the land.

The Marshal, who travelled from Australia, arrived at San Francisco, California, on the 24th of March, and passing rapidly through the States was received by Commissioner Coombs at Augusta, Maine, and held his first meeting in the Dominion at Fredericton,

the capital city of New Brunswick; here he was received with every possible demonstration of delight and a wonderful time of Salvation was experienced.

On the 17th April, Marshal and Commissioner arrived at St. John, where two remarkable days were spent, and the whole city as it were, rose in welcome. The papers declared that few, if any, public men had received such a reception, and Marshal Booth won all hearts, not only by the kindness of his manner, but more especially by the power of the Spirit of God that manifestly rested upon him. From St. John to Halifax is but a step in these railroad times, and the next day the Nova Scotian soldiers and people welcomed the Marshal in their chief city. Halifax, always famed for its kindness to Salvationists fairly outdid itself on this occasion, and its magnificent Academy of Music was again packed with a representative gathering of its citizens. Not only, says a local paper, was the Lieut.-Governor and City Mayor present, but most of its best and most distinguished citizens availed themselves of the privilege of hearing the talented son of the Army's founder and chief. It was a notable gathering and will long live in the memories of the people of Halifax.

Two days upon the cars and then a hurried visit is paid to Montreal, and a most enthusiastic reception was accorded. Then commenced what turned out to be one of the most remarkable features of the visit. The journey from Montreal to Toronto was more like the progress of some royal personage or victorious general, than the visit of a Salvation officer to his comrades. Every depot where the train halted was besieged by great and enthusiastic crowds, and in almost every place there was a large turn-out of sol-

diers and friends to catch a passing glimpse and give a "God speed" to the Marshal. In no less than eleven depots were addresses given to the crowds assembled, and everywhere was he hailed with the greatest delight. Prescott, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Oshawa and Bowmanville, turned out their soldiers and people in mighty crowds, and in nearly every place were urgent requests tendered that the Marshal would make an opportunity of visiting the place. Enthusiastic as were these gatherings and gratifying as they must have been to all, they were but the prelude to the chorus of welcome that burst forth as the Queen City was reached.

Although through all this journey of three hundred miles there had been one mighty line of welcome, and the people's enthusiasm had but spoken the unanimous sentiment of all, that in the General's son they recognized the representative of the father whom God had raised to be a blessing and a benefactor to the world at large; and it also was a tribute that none could gainsay to the success as a channel of good that the Army had been in the Dominion. Yet when Toronto was reached these shouts became a volley, and these cheers a perfect hurricane of welcoming jubilation.

It was indeed a veritable triumph at the midnight hour in a deluge of rain he arrived, and yet the whole city was moved. "Often," said a daily paper, "has the whole wealth and resources of a political party been lavished to receive its most popular leaders, but never before has such an ovation been seen in our streets."

The tramping of that mighty host that conducted the Marshal from the depot to the Temple building was a bewilderment to the whole Dominion, nay! more

it struck consternation in the ranks of those that wax gross upon the vice and misery of the people, it must have struck terror to the very heart of the parliament of hell.

"Hark! steadily onward! hark! steadily onward!
To the battle's front now march the legions,
With Heaven born courage burning;
From foes we know no turning,
All prepared till death to fight for Jesus."

So sang the soldiery, as with firm determined steps and ranks that never wavered they marched along, a standing reproof to sin, and an indisputable proof to the fact that one had become a mighty people, and that whilst the world had gone on all uninterested in the matter and engrossed in itself, God had gotten to Himself at once an Army and a victory.

Space will not permit of our going into the details of that wonderful week. The thousands that nightly packed the great hall of the Temple, the hundreds unable to gain admission, that were nightly turned away; the marching of the three thousand blood and fire officers and soldiers, the wonderful banquet, the great council, and above all, the two hundred and fifty souls that sought the Saviour, and the thousand saints that stood up to make a fuller consecration, and to claim more of the fullness of God. These things have become part of the cities' history, and the recital of them has taken its place in the nations' chronicles in those eighteen yards and more of printed description that emanated from the city's public press.

Besides all this, there lives in the hearts and in the lives of hundreds of our soldiers to-day, and in those of thousands outside our ranks, a tender cherished memory of all the light and blessing then and there received, and the commonwealth at large has been

purified and enriched by the elevating sanctifying and saving influences of that light and blessing.

There are somethings, however, that must not be passed over. First and foremost, we cannot overlook the wonderful way in which the public journals took up the cause of the Salvation Army and its work. Previously to this, a daily print rarely afforded a paragraph to our work, or if they did, it was usually only in ridicule or condemnation, or to circulate some foolish canard about our people or our work. We do not complain of this, nay! we think the press of Canada did well to try, to weigh, and to prove our work before holding it up to public esteem and support. But it seems as though this visit and opening ceremony had thrown the last grain in the editorial scale and the balance went up and kicked the beam in favor of the Salvation Army. Since that time not a single journal through the whole Dominion, of any standing or position has ever said a disparaging word, so far as our scrutiny has shown, of our movement or motives, on the contrary every fairness, every consideration, every kindness of tone and word has been extended with no illiberal hand towards us. We thank God for the victory!

Another word as to our Temple and Head-quarters which at this visit was so blessedly dedicated to and so unmistakably and marvelously accepted and owned of God. The toil, the care, the responsibility which the inception and carrying out of that great work entailed can be better understood than described. But He who prompted and carried out the work has wonderfully blessed and owned it since its completion. Standing as it does in the heart of our magnificent city to which it is no mean embellishment, it daily lifts its head

pointing to Him who is the source of all victories won for good, a blessed monument to the power of prayer and the strength of a trust reposed in God. From foundation to pinnacle there is not a brick in the structure but what is there as the answer to prayer. How it has helped us only He who was its architect and builder knows. The souls that it has blessed, the births to the spiritual life within its walls have repaid a thousand-fold, every care, every anxiety, every sigh. Within its every corridor, its every chamber has been sanctified with self-sacrifice, and hallowed by the prayers and struggles of those who guide the fight. It contains the mighty engine the every stroke of whose shaft reverberates to the very confines of the war; and propels, moves, guides and controls the every action of this mighty Canadian wing. It is here that the unseen miners dig the trenches from which our warriors fight, it is here that in patient unwearying toil, without hope of name or fame or earthly recompence, holy souls are content to labour, to watch and to wait, blessed is the experience of those who are counted worthy to do the little things for God, and by their unseen and unheard of toil strengthen the knees and hold up the hands of those who bear the heats and burdens, the struggles and trials of the fight in front.

These are thine own oh! God,
Who toil whilst others sleep,
And sow with patient care
What other hands shall reap.

After his sojourn in Toronto, all too brief and passing as it was, the Marshal, after a demonstration at Hamilton, passed on to England to the great congress. Whether it ever shall be the privilege of the Canadian

branch to welcome him to their midst again or not, his passing visit will ever be a bright spot in our annals, and the memory of his earnest pleadings and loving counsel will be remembered by thousands on into the confines of an eternity of Praise.

He comes the leader of a thousand desperate fights
That have brought peace to wretched hearts and homes,
To spur the legions onward in the right,
Hurling sin, vice, and misery from their thrones
We hail our General ! Welcome to our shores,
To hearts and homes and lives now filled with light ;
In one glad volley swell our voices high,
" God and the General " be our battle-cry.



Of course, after the successful and blessed visit of the Marshal, the minds of all ranks naturally went out in the enquiry, could not the General reach the Canadian forces, and when a few days before his return from England the Commissioner sent the message, " the General has decided to come," there was a thrill of excitement and expectancy passed along the line, and all hands began to plan and arrange how best to enjoy and profit by his visit.

As the news of his coming flashed north and south through the land, it was received with thankfulness and joy. Many who had borne the toils and participated in the struggles and triumphs of the four years fight, as they looked at the proportions and extent to which the Army had grown, when they looked back at the handful of men and women that had first planted the flag in our midst and realized how one by one cities and towns had fallen before our advance, how here and there bands of sinners had been gathered in and were now toiling for God and souls, as they realized how those that were not a people had become a people of God, felt that the time was ripe for this inspection and saw in the visit the crowning of the stately edifice that God had built up for His glory.

So the General came and Canada soldiers and people, one and all, blended their hearts and voices in the welcome. The Commissioner met him at New York on the 26th September, and after a few hours hurried rest and a quick run into the Dominion, he arrived at Toronto on the evening of the 28th. The weather on the night of his coming was even worse than when the Marshal arrived, and although it did not rain the streets and roadways were a veritable sea of mire. This did not for a moment damp the ardor of the soldiers, and a turn-out of not less than a thousand strong met him at the depot and escorted him through the mud to the Temple. The citizens too turned out in force, and although on account of the filthy state of the streets there was not the rush and crowd upon the roadways as at the Marshal's entry, still the sidewalks were crowded, and the welcome, if less demonstrative and boisterous, was undoubtedly

more genuine and deep. The General's venerable appearance too all though his visit, seem to act upon our crowds, in such a way as to check levity and rough play, and it seemed to us that the public right through saw and respected in him the irresistible influence of a giant amongst men.

At length, amidst the jubilation of the soldiery and the superb music of the several bands, and deep earnest respectful enthusiasm of the people, the General reached the Temple and there received what might be termed Canada's magnificent welcome.

The streets converging upon the building were packed to their utmost capacity, and although there was no pushing or crowding upon the procession, it was a matter of extreme difficulty to reach the doors, and as the General having entered the building appeared for a moment at the centre window, a unanimous shout of welcome and blessing went forth.

Inside the building was a scene which completely beggars all description. Tongue or pen could convey no adequate idea of it; wonderful as have been the gatherings there, this was the most imposing of all. The platform was a feast, the floor a picture, the gallery a greater glory still. Unsaved and desperate sinners were there no doubt, but we could not detect them, they were altogether eclipsed by the hallelujah glow, and everywhere as the eye rested upon the happy joyous faces, and drank in the spirit that lighted features and lent its fire to glancing eyes, in front, behind, to right and left it was one blooming incense breathing parterre of salvation.

The General has seen many wonderful gatherings and been the recipient of many welcomes, but we doubt

if a more imposing scene ever charmed his eye or touched his heart, and we are quite sure that a more loving, loyal, genuine welcome, great or small was never extended towards him. And as he knelt and in child-like language gave God the glory, not for the gathering, not for the Army, so much as for the blessed experience of salvation and the adorable name of Jesus through which we had happiness and victory, every heart in the great assemblage be it soldier, friend or sinner, realized that whatever else they knew or imagined or opined about the Salvation Army, its founder and leader was the instrument and a man of God.

The meetings of that ever memorable week live in the memories and hearts of so many thousands, and have been so thoroughly reported through the whole land that it is needless here to go into detail, the power of God was marvellously manifested and a wonderful work of salvation accomplished, the real result of which nothing but eternity will disclose. One thing, however, may be noted that whilst the meetings of the Marshal's visit were purely of a spiritual and soul saving character, those conducted by the General of necessity took a somewhat different turn.

He was amongst us, under God the founder and leader of a mighty movement that has caused more excitement amongst men, and received more criticism from the people of the civilized world than, perhaps, any other event of the past century, and it was naturally to be expected that much of his time would be occupied in explaining and vindicating that movement, and that explanation was reasonably looked for by the vast crowds that day by day hung upon his utterances. How marvellously God helped him in this mission is a thing of common knowledge.

Whether it was in the crowded meetings of the common people that he addressed throughout the land or in that wonderful gathering of the wealth, culture and intellect of the Dominion assembled in the grounds of one of our merchant princes, his audiences were once and for ever convinced of the necessity, the success, the righteousness, and the inspiration of the Salvation Army.

However this fact notwithstanding the results as to salvation were none the less striking and grand ; souls were saved all through, not only in the great public meetings but in the morning knee drills and at all odd hours and in all odd places during the days of his visit, and his loving heart searching appeals inaugurated and in no mean measure helped to bring about that wave of conviction and salvation which for weeks after swept over the city.

The General was joined in our midst by Col. Dowdle, to whom a no less genuine welcome was extended, and whom God used in a marked manner. The great four days council of officers was a time fraught with results, and the presence and power of the Holy Ghost rested upon it throughout in a manner that must tell in the life and usefulness of every soul present. Indeed, the results of this visit to Head-Quarters were pre-eminently practical. The untiring devotion, the utter self sacrifice, the unceasing activity, and the unmistakable life of hard work and unmitigated toil of the General, have not only shown the secret, under God, of all success, but have urged all to a more thorough devotion that shall leave its stamp upon the work and bring about blessed results throughout the Dominion.

Grand as were the features of the visit to Toronto

and Head-quarters, they were in no way superior to the glorious progress which was made throughout the whole Dominion.

Notwithstanding the heavy strain of the Toronto week of meetings, the early morning of Tuesday, October 5th finds the General with Colonel Dowdle and the Commissioner boarding the cars for a sixty hours ride into Prince Edward Island. Perfect quiet was enjoined upon the General during this trip, and interviews and demonstrations were dispensed with. Thursday the 7th brings them to Charlottetown, having received a splendid ovation at the landing at Summerside on the way. He was here met by the band of the Head-quarters Staff, which had preceded him and which accompanied him for the rest of the tour, and a great crowd of soldiers and people. An immense concourse crowded the place of meeting, and the welcome of the Islanders was worthy of themselves and their visitors. The General received a kindly welcome from the Lieut.-Governor and the whole people vied with each other in doing honour to the Chief, and through him to the Army at large.

The next call was at St. John, New Brunswick, and here again the welcome and enthusiasm were most gratifying. More than 3,000 people crowded the great rink in which the meeting was held, and many hundreds of soldiers from all parts of the Province assembled to welcome the General, and in turn, be blessed and strengthened at his lips. New Brunswick's welcome spoke volumes in praise of the results of the work which in a little more than a year had not only drawn to itself the respect and appreciation of the community, but had rallied round its standard

so great a band of soldiers ready to fight and win trophies for God's glory.

From New Brunswick to Nova Scotia, and Halifax rises en mass to honour the General and his following. The Army on this, or any other continent, has known few more effective and genuine demonstrations than this affair at Halifax, citizens and soldiers, officers and authorities united their combined efforts, and as a result every thing was effective and tended to the one result, a fitting welcome to him who evidently all delighted to honour. The march, the great illuminated open air in the Parade, the marvellous crowds that thronged the Academy of Music at all the meetings, were only eclipsed by the thrilling, powerful addresses that the General on the Sunday afternoon and evening levelled at the sin and indifference of the city. Perhaps no more powerful or effective words fell from his lips in the Dominion than these exhortations at Halifax and the address at the open air on the parade was none the less effective. This was a marvellous scene indeed, an eye witness speaking of it says: "The General stood here like Paul on Mars Hill—and not with fascinating speech or cunningly devised fables, but with the certain sound of the old-fashioned and glorious gospel of everlasting peace upon his lips, he addressed one of the largest, most magnificent and promiscuous throngs imaginable, and composed of the most elite and most polite, and the most profane strata of rowdyism. Round the war chariot were the soldiers gathered as guards of honor, with their torches and banners in the most brilliant display. If the reader can imagine one of the finest city squares, covered with people, and even the rising streets adjacent were used as balconies, covered with an appreciative

crowd, engaging in the largest open air service, very probably ever held in the whole Dominion of Canada. The Mayor as the host, military display to the right, to the left, in front and behind. Ladies and gentlemen in vehicles and on foot facing in the same direction, crushing for a vantage ground, rushing through the lines in the hope to get a shake of his hand or a kindly smile from the good man. As far as the eye could reach were seen beyond the confines of electric light and torch light arena, men women and children, drums, bands, banners, torches blazing blaring brilliant here and there and everywhere. Around the war chariot, as light as day, far back hundreds of yards away in a street on a rising eminence hundreds of white faces exposed by the reflection of torch and electric lamps could be seen peering in the distance through the waving banners toward the great centre of attraction."

Great and grand as was the welcome and meetings here, we must hurry on without further comment. Next, Moncton honours itself and the Army with a splendid demonstration, and another day and night in the cars brings the General to the commercial capital, Montreal. Although he arrived as early as six in the morning, a good crowd turned out to the welcome, great crowds viewed the procession and a marvellous gathering of citizens at night listened with breathless attention as the General discoursed upon the why and wherefore of the Army's existance, much prejudice was swept away and hundreds of doubters were convinced alike of the purity and righteousness of the Army's aims, the extent and stability of its work, and of the blessings which God, through it, had lavished upon universal Christendom,

From the ships and commerce of Montreal the General proceeded to the seat of Government, Ottawa, and here too had a remarkable reception, and crowds of all sorts, law-makers and law-breakers alike, listened to his address. From Ottawa to Kingston, to Peterboro, to Bowmanville, to Barrie, to Owen Sound and so on to Palmerston, he continued receiving welcomes and scattering blessings on every hand, hundreds of souls being blessed and uplifted, and scores seeking and finding the Saviour.

At Palmerston enthusiasm reached its climax, and not content with welcoming and listening to his words, the soldiers of this place must needs draw him through the streets of the town in procession, and so whilst honoring the instrument of our Army's foundation, give the greater glory to God who's messages of love and salvation the Army had conveyed to them. There was a deep vein of love and loyalty running through the demonstration in this little town that will ever leave a pleasant memory in the minds of all privileged to be present. London was the next halt where two glorious days were enjoyed. This city, the authorities of which had tried at one time with strenuous tenacity to interrupt the Army's work and usefulness, opened its arms to the Army's leader, and all classes, authorities and people, used every effort to add success and blessing to the visit, which was consequently all that could be desired as a demonstration and a time of light and salvation to many souls.

Next the General spent a long day in Hamilton, he met the staff officers in a six hour's council, which was a blessed time to every soul, and stratagems were laid for the furtherance of the war and the upsetting of the strongholds of evil and sin. At night, the ori-

FAREWELL WORDS.

ginal No. III. and the city give a grand welcome to the chief, the building being packed to overflowing with an appreciative audience.

This brings us to the last day the General spent in the Dominion, and Woodstock Head-quarters of the the "baby" division was the last place blessed with a visit. Here a wonderful time was enjoyed. The building was so packed that the General had to get out of a window at the back, and he took leave of his Canadian forces, and in words of counsel and wisdom left them in the hands of the great head of the Army the Lord Jehovah.

What were and shall be the results of this visit we cannot pretend to measure, that many souls were saved and more blessed and sanctified was patent to every observer. But perhaps the greater fruit of the visit will be manifested in the drawing closer together of comrade to comrade, and all to the moving principle and main spring of the movement; the better understanding of the aims and principles of our Army by the Canadian soldiery, and a keener appreciation and confidence in their loyalty and soldierly qualities by the General himself. Outside of our ranks, the benefit has been incalculable, prejudice, doubt, and misunderstanding have melted before argument and straightforward explanation, and enmity, opposition and slander have fled, affrighted away before explanation, condour, and facts.

What was the strain and tedium of the tour upon our beloved leader only those nearest to him can imagine; but he was wonderfully sustained and upheld through it all. What his labours were we can judge from his own words in his last address at Woodstock: "During this time I have travelled 4,000

miles, spending nine whole days and nights on the cars, I have spoken fifty-six times to audiences amounting to no less than 100,000 persons. A goodly company of sinners have been saved and I believe hundreds, nay! thousands have surrendered themselves body and soul and spirit, to assist in the great business of saving Canada and of rescuing the world from the miseries of sin."

Surely this is no mean record of the labour and results of a four weeks sojourn in our midst, and truly genuine and heartfelt has been the welcome during the visit by the people, and we are more than convinced that should Providence privilege us with a repetition of it, the welcome will be intensified a hundred fold. Of that welcome just one other word, whilst the common people received and heard him gladly, the bearers of honoured names and brilliant positions were equally kindly and heartfelt in their welcome. Beginning at Toronto city the Mayors of every town visited extended their personal courtesy and welcome. Representatives of the Crown, heads of colleges, legislators, ministers of the Gospel, and representatives of the press united alike their congratulations, their welcome and their Godspeeds, and in the homes of some of these our General was a welcome and honoured guest. Whilst all this is matter of thankfulness and joy to us, and to the General, a greater matter of satisfaction, thankfulness and praise to God, is that hundreds, nay! thousands of rescued drunkards and vile sinners, respectable or otherwise, travelled many miles to see, to hear and bless the instrument that God has honoured in raising the Army that brought Salvation to themselves and their homes. These are the trophies, after all, that

bring the most satisfaction, and when all earthly titles and honours and positions shall fade away, these shall adorn alike the crown of our General and shine gems in the diadem of God for all eternity.

What were the conclusions the General arrived at from his inspection, he has enlarged upon in his farewell letter to the Canadian soldiers—in a word, he was surprised and gratified, although the statistics week by week had come under his notice, and he had had like verbal reports from various sources, and much as he looked for and expected, as he himself has quoted, "The half was never told." That he left our shores grateful and thankful we do not doubt, and from what he saw amongst us more than ever satisfied of the inspiration of his life's work, and of the fitness of the modes and measures of the one Salvation Army to carry the messages of God's love, and to attract all classes in all climes and countries to Godliness and good.

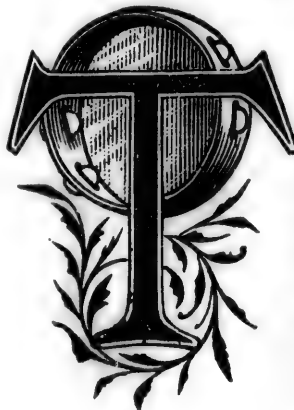
Thus draw we nearer day by day,
Each to his comrade all to God ;
Let the world take us as she may,
We must not change our road.



THE TROPHIES.

CHAPTER VI.

Gather them in
Foetid with squalor, reeking with gin,
Loaded with misery, folly, and sin,
To swell the King's Army, we gather them in.



TROPHIES from the war. Oh !
yes, thank God, there is no
lack of them, as we have passed
through the different corps, and
into the various towns and vil-
lages where our people hold the
fort for God, we have not failed
to mark the trophies. 'Trophies!
Why are they not all trophies,
every soul that has been snatched
from the misery of sin, and consequently from that
hell, which is the sinner's doom, is it not a trophy?

See, there they go, as they march out from their barracks, night after night, to warn a world of sinners of their impending fate, and of the way of escape. Men, women, boys and girls rescued from every rank of sinners, from every grade of forgetfulness and indifference, saved from sin as well as its consequences here and hereafter, and in turn made saviours of men and women, are they not all trophies? Gems digged from the dark mines of evil, polished, burnished, illuminating the darkness around, and day by day being fitted and fashioned for their place in the diadem of our conquering King and God.

Trophies! Come with me to that home, only a few blocks away from here, a palace of light and gladness, a home of peace and salvation, a dwelling which even Jesus delights to visit. Well do I remember what that home was two short years ago. Misery and wretchedness were its most marked features, a drunken, worthless reprobate called that place his home; a miserable, heart-broken, querrulous wife added but to his discomtort, and weeping, wailing, wretched little ones cried for food, for comfort, and for love. What brought the change? It was simple enough—a drum, a flag, a singing few upon the street, music discordant enough, if you like, a wretched drunkard's curiosity at some uncommon attraction promised in a hall, by what some one called "a rowdy in a red shirt," as the world laughed standing by. A loving word from a saved dram-drinker, backed by the spirit of God; a broken hearted sinner weeping on a none too clean floor, beside a rough bench. A blessed beam of pardoning love from the heart of the blessed soul-loving Christ, and "Behold, old things have passed away; behold,

all things have become new." This is no ideal picture, no solitary instance, it can be seen every day or night all around, it can, thank God, be multiplied by hundreds in the record of one little year.

But there are startling individual cases perhaps, say you. Hundreds, thank God, the difficulty is not to find them, but how, in our limited space, to make the best selection.

Here is No. I., the singing Sergeant J—I—of O—. To use his own words "the worst drunkard and greatest sinner, God ever saved." Perhaps there was no more notorious outcast in the whole Dominion than he, though a good tradesman, lacking neither intelligence nor skill, yet so overcome by his surfeited appetite, so besotted and made helpless by the demon drink that home, character and all were shipwrecked whilst yet a young man, and he became the scorn of men, the very outcast of the people. "My home," said he, "was hell, the very dogs and cats that starved in common with my wife and children hid themselves at my approach." He tramped the Dominion from end to end, from Montreal to Niagara, every jail had closed its bars upon him for shelter or for crime.

Many and terrible were the dangers and accidents that drunkenness had brought him to. On one occasion he fell from a high viaduct many feet into the valley beneath, being picked up a mass of broken bones and carried to hospital with only a flicker of the lamp of life within. The next morning he woke craving for liquor, he got from his bed and managed to get some clothes upon him, escaped through a window and got to a saloon where, as he drank, he listened to the gossips talking about his terrible fall,

and heard men wondering if he were dead. See him upon the platform and mark the terrible gashes and cuts upon his head that speak of drunken riots, and fighting and terrible falls. He raises his hand to point towards the home above to which he journeys, note the fingerless palm that speaks of accident through the effects of drink. He was working in a factory, and in his nervousness and drunken trembling, his hand becomes entangled in the saw and fingers are destroyed. Again he flies to liquor, and in his drunken frenzy, prepares a little coffin-shaped box in which he lays the lost fingers, and after a carrousel which he calls a "wake," he buries them in the earth. Such was the life he lived, and fast hurrying down the vale of years he approaches the end of time and the terrible hell which such a wasted existence could only lead to. And suddenly a sound breaks upon his ear which arrests his attention and strikes him as something strange; it is only the thud! thud! of what the world sometimes has called an intolerable nuisance, it is the Army drum, and with it comes the message which shall be fraught with big results to J——. With the crowd he follows to the barracks, and there a simple homely woman tells the tale of Calvary's Cross, and lifts up the mangled form of Him "who came to seek and save that which was lost."

He listens, and listening, his mind's eye turns inwards and backwards, he sees the long past days of innocence and brightness; again he hears the mother's voice that joined the little hands together and lead out the simple prayer of

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a simple child,"

He looks within and sees his heart, his life, his sinning and sin, he realizes what he is and what he might have been, and then the conclusion forces itself upon him "I'm lost." He leaves the place, but again and again returns, he seeks old haunts and society and the cherished cup; but still night finds him listening and drinking in again the story. At length the Captain approaches and asks him to yield to God, to leave sin and seek for pardon. Realizing his direful state, his filth of mind, his filth of soul, his filth of body, he cries "Oh! let me go and get cleaned up, for God's sake, let me at least get a clean shirt;" but he is lovingly pointed to the blood, that blood "which makes the vilest clean," and so at length he yields.

Would you see the little child that Jesus placed in the midst, and pointed out as the only state in which a soul could be fit for the kingdom of God. Look at the Sergeant there, as he stands upon the platform with battered head and maimed limbs, his sunken eye blazing with the fire that Heaven lights as he trolls out with child-like simplicity the simple song,

"Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus."

And men and women learned and unlettered, saints and sinners weep, and as you look you feel the living embodiment of the warning except ye become "as little children ye cannot see the kingdom of God." A saved drunkard, a redeemed slave, a rescued sinner, a King's son, a trophy numbered with those who washed in His blood, sanctified by His grace.

Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
Shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown.

Here is another case from C— N.B., and we cannot do better than use his own words. R. W— writes :

“About three years ago last June, I had been drinking. I was on a long drunk. For the space of nine months I was not sober night nor day. At the end of that time I had a desire to reform, and during the last week I would make a resolution every day to go home sober that night; but I was drunk oftener each day of that week than before, and did not get home at all. The last day of the week I was working, and drinking hard all day. When night came I got my money, and went home determined to get sober, if I died in the attempt. When I got home that night I laid down about midnight, but my brain was so much effected from the excessive use of liquor that nearly all my past life, with all its good and bad deeds, came up before me, and deprived me of my sleep, and continued so for five days and nights. God only knows what I suffered during that time. No mortal can tell, only the poor unfortunates who have gone through the mill. I was afraid of every thing I saw and heard, I was filled with terror. On the fifth day, just before morning, I was praying that the Almighty God would send me to hell at once. I did not want to see another night.

“About that time all that awful feeling left me, and I laid on my bed in a helpless condition. I could not speak, nor move hand nor foot. I laid that way for several minutes, when I heard singing a long way off. It came closer and closer. I think it was the sweetest music I ever heard. I was not afraid of it. It came nearer and nearer until the room was filled with music, and looking up I saw a band of soldiers,

men and women. They wore the same uniform the Salvation Army does now, the same caps with the red bands, the same bright badges, and the same red jackets. They all stopped singing and sat down. Presently they all rose again, some singing some praying, some shouting, and everyone using some kind of a musical instrument. There were a great many tamborines, but there was no big drum. They then sat down again and sang a piece we now sing in the Army, 'I'm saved I am, I know I am.' I would say here that previous to this I had never heard anything of the Salvation Army or its music. They all rose and marched two by two out of the door, singing that song as they went. I listened until they were out of hearing, and as the last strains of the music died away I found myself back to my helpless condition. I could not move nor speak.

"I then saw, in all its fearful reality, HELL pictured before me. I cannot describe by pen or words the awful, terrible appearance of that place of torment. But I will never forget the feeling of terror that came over me when I looked into that fearful flaming pit of hell. It was divided into two parts, one of cast iron, and one of granite. The cast iron pit was the one in which the flames were. I found myself standing on the very brink of the flaming pit. I staggered and fell. But I fell outward and escaped. I said 'thank God.' The first time in my life I ever remember saying such words. I revived then sufficiently to get up. All that day that song I heard was ringing in my ears until bed-time. That night I had a good sleep, and next morning when I woke that song was still ringing in my ears, and until noon that day, when it left me. The next day I went to work I

worked three months without drinking any. When the three months was up I got drunk again. I went home that night, my people did not know it. Next morning I was to work again, and worked that week out, when I shipped in a schooner and went to New York. While there I often got drunk. When I returned home I left the schooner and kept myself pretty sober, so much so that the people did not know I was drinking until Christmas day, when I broke out again. When I found I had again become the slave to rum I made up my mind with determination to die a drunkard. I never expected to be sober again.

"When the Salvation Army came to Carleton I used to tell my chums that I saw them, when I was in the horrors, long before they came here.

"When I was drunk—which was nearly all the time—and would hear them coming, I would run away down some wharf or into some rum hole to get clear of them. I thought they were a band of devils.

"Last winter I went again to New York in a schooner, and coming home my chums would say to me, "we will leave the old packet and spend our evenings at the Salvation Army." I would say, "you may go but I wont go near them."

"One night I and two of my shipmates were drinking together, they wanted me to go to the Salvation Army barracks. I would not go. They then carried me up; I was very drunk. I was not there long till I got quite sober, and that night I firmly believed that that was the same army I had seen when in the horrors. I believed there was the only place where I could get saved, and that I would be saved from that night. I went home from there with money in my pocket—something I had not done for years except



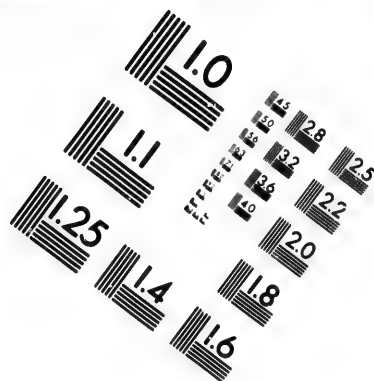
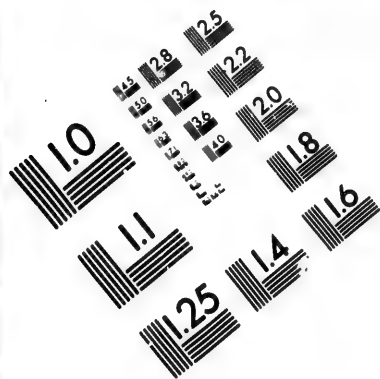
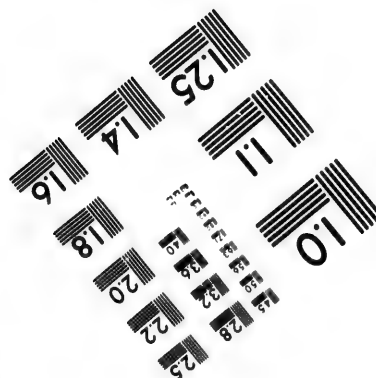
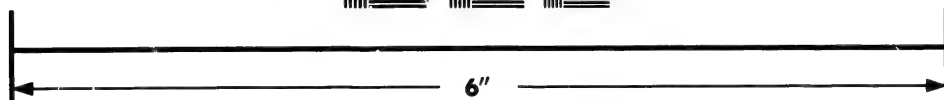
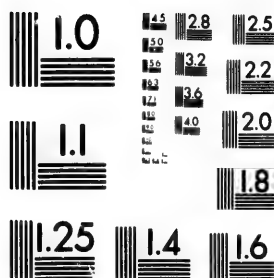


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the three months I was sober. From that night the appetite for rum was gone. Next morning I did not think of drinking any. I was thinking of the army expecting to go there and be saved. That night I went there but could not go to the penitent form. For three weeks I went every night with the same intention and always with the same success. I could not get strength or courage enough to go. At last, thinking it impossible for to go to the penitent form sober, I went and got rum enough to give me courage. I was partly drunk when I went to the first meeting; but when it was over I was sober again and went home. A friend of mine, one of the soldiers, God bless him, knowing how I was struggling, followed me to the house; I went with him and never stopped going until I found myself kneeling at the penitent form. I was not there long till I found a great load lifted off me. God had done the work, all glory to His name. I rose to my feet a free man, and from that night I have been free from the devil and all his works and enjoying a free and full salvation. Glory be to God for the Salvation Army."

J. W. R., the saved hotel-keeper, another victim of the cup that conceals the serpent, was the child of Godly parents, and his mother's great ambition was to see her son "wag his head in a pulpit;" but his own waywardness led him into another line of life. After a few years at trade, he enlisted into the army, and fell into the deeper depths of sin; his discharge was purchased and he joined the police force, and after that again went into business; all this time he was a hard drinker; but saving some money he came to Canada, and eventually became the proprietor of a tavern, and so lured other souls to the same destruc-

tion that he himself was hastening to. Here he became his own best customer and drank himself almost to insanity, and was contemplating suicide. A few days before he was saved, drinking with a companion, he remarked that he wished he was dead, and the other, supposing that he was joking, replied that his wish could soon be gratified, at the same time handing him a loaded revolver. He seized the weapon, and placing the muzzle at his head, drew the trigger; but in the providence of God, the cartridge failed to explode, the weapon was wrested from him and immediately exploded in the hands of another person. God preserved him for nobler ends. Soon after he was attracted to the Army's meetings, and yielding to the call, sought and found salvation, and to-day is fighting in the ranks for God and souls.

T. M. D. was a commercial traveller, but drink had bereft him of situation, character, hope and reason alike. In his despair he sought to end life and sorrow beneath the waters of the St. Lawrence, but on his way to fulfil his horrible purpose he is arrested by the beating of the drum, follows to the hall, and meets his Saviour; to-day restored to God's favour, to business and family, he delights to tell of Jesus, mighty to save the most desperate sinners and the most despondent souls.

B——, a fine stalwart fellow of more than six feet, a notorious pugilist and a terror to the police of the city, came to the Barracks drunk, and declaring he meant "to shake off the devil," he fell before the power of God and was saved, to-day, as an exemplary soldier, he fights under the Salvation Army flag, testifying by word and life God's power to save from sin.

Sergeant S—— of B—— was a notorious drunkard,

evil liver and professed infidel, by his persuasion a number of his fellow villagers professed atheism. He came into the city of O—to the meeting, and got down at the penitent form half drunk, with a bottle of liquor about him. He professed to get saved then and there, and going back home called his associates together and acknowledged God and testified to salvation. He went right into the fight, walking six miles to meeting most nights through the week. After a time being made sergeant, he was sent to open his own village as an outpost, and has been used in the salvation of many souls, and has built up a corps of thirty splendid soldiers; his wife and family likewise, have found salvation.

Here is another case of two men, experienced waiters in a leading restaurant in the city of M—. Both had been discharged for drunken habits; one of them hears the drum, is attracted to the barracks, convicted of his sins, burdened down with his wretchedness, he seeks forgiveness and finds salvation, shows ample evidence of his reformation, and is re-instated in his situation. The other sank still lower in his degradation and misery; one day he is picked up a dirty miserable object by the Captain of the Salvation Army, taken to the quarters, is washed, fed and comforted and loved, pointed to Jesus, and eventually saved. Being re-instated in his situation, he with his comrade, are to be seen to-day going about their duties, reformed, uplifted, christian men; and as they attend to the daily wants of the commercial men and merchants of the place, are in their eyes a known and recognized monument of the saving, keeping power of God and of His will to use the Sal-

vation Army for the rescuing of those whose salvation His blood has purchased.

Another case at C——, N.B. The Captain here one day picked up a man helplessly drunk literally in the gutter, dirty, forlorn, helpless, and as far as the world is concerned, a moral leper, scouted and avoided, he takes him home, feeds him with his own food, clothes him with his own linen, tends and watches him for days and nights, so by his love points to the greater love of Calvary's victim which breaks the sinner's heart. He gets up, and of his own free will, walks to the barracks, seeks and finds salvation; and to-day is a saved, happy and free man, and in a good situation.

E. W—— had never known her parents, was reared in vice and earned a living on the stage of low theatres and the like, she became a hard drinker, and drifted to a life of shame. One of our lasses found her upon the streets, cared for her, led her to Jesus, and for nearly a year she has led an exemplary life, a living witness in word and life to the power of the precious blood to cleanse and keep.

"What has the Army done me?" said drunken Jim at O——. "I will tell you; I ran away from home when I was thirteen, and after wandering about some time, got in with some carpenters who helped me and I learned the trade; by the time I was twenty I was foreman in the place, and this led me into evil company and I began to drink; in the course of time I became a notorious blackguard and fighter, and got so low that I was only known as Drunken Jim. At this time I tried to reform and was successful in keeping moderately sober for a few years and made some money. At this time I married a woman of means

and got a good farm and was doing well as a contractor; soon I fell to the drink again and squandered everything, farm, stock and business; and my wife died through sheer grief at my evil courses. I went to the States, and made some money during the War time, and returning to Canada again, got married and bought some real estate in the city of Toronto. I, however, again took to the drink, and all was swamped, and again I lost a good wife. Marrying again, I bought another homestead with my wife's money. One day I started with a splendid horse and cutter to collect some money, got it and thought I must have just one drink before returning. I had it but did not stop till money, horse and cutter had all been demolished in whiskey, and I was drawn home on a wood rack. I then went to work for the C. P. Railroad at O. S., and here for the first time saw the Salvation Army but did not believe in them at all. Soon after this I went to S—— and hired for work, but got drunk for a week; my boss said, we will have to take you to the Salvation Army, but I declined with curses. However, I did get there, and praise God, I went to the penitent form, and although half drunk, God saved me. The desire for drink, tobacco and all evil was destroyed, and I have been saved from a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell. Glory be to God! To-day I own a good thriving factory. That is what the Army has done for me."

J. A. M—— was reared in a tavern, and as a child acquired the appetite for liquor by sly drinking from the taps in his father's cellar. He was brought up by his depraved parent to fight and box, and would be taken, as a mere lad, from tavern to tavern to exhibit his preceious skill in these loathsome acquirements.

A life so poisoned at the root must necessarily develope into a career of sin, he commenced by robbing his father's pockets, and went on till he was early in the hands of the police, and was eventually sent to a reformatory for five years. He remained over three years when being released he soon got to his old habits and associates, and went on from bad to worse. Several times he was jailed for various offences and more than once attempted suicide and murder. At last God lead him to a Salvation Army meeting, and when, said he, "the Captain asked the people who were concerned about their souls to stand up, I stood up for fun, I asked him to stick in a word for me. God bless him, he did, and I became miserable about my state. I was very hard on the Army and used to pull to pieces themselves and their proceedings, and persecute the officers and soldiers all I could; but God's spirit was wrestling with me. I promised God if He would spare me till the 1st January, I would try to serve Him. He took me at my word, I was spared. and I yielded to His loving call. I could say a good deal about my feelings and the change since then; but my heart which was full of strife and selfishness, has now perfect peace and love, it was a howling wilderness, but now is a garden of roses and a dear loving Saviour is dwelling in the midst." Instance after instance might be cited, but we must be brief.

M—— of S——. "I was a terrible blasphemer, had never been in any place of worship for eighteen years, excepting about six times, and then not to worship God. I was at last persuaded to attend an Army meeting, and the power of God got hold of me; after a time I came forward and God took me in and blessed

and saved me, although I had rebelled against Him and been a notorious sinner for forty years."

Sergt. D. P., of S—, was a public sinner, a drunkard, and a pest to society, with a weary heart, a miserable home, a starving family, but he is saved; says he, "my home is a heaven, my evil appetites are kept subjected to the power of the precious blood."

J. W., of B—, was a terror to his county, a small farmer, and though advanced in years his burly form and heavy fist were a terror to all around, his neighbours fled from him, the police avoided him, a book might be filled with the recital of his escapades and drunken orgies, drink and debt were fast sweeping his home away. He heard the drum; tying his horse in a shed he followed to the barracks; to-day he serves God, and has brought Salvation to many other homes and hearts.

As we write our minds go out to hundreds here and there scattered throughout the Dominion from the western confines of Ontario to the sea-washed shores of Newfoundland, the wreckage of that ocean of sin that surges around, but in whose behalf the great Arm of Omnipotence has reached forth from behind the mercy cloud and gathered into the ranks of His fighting children.

But it is not alone from the ranks of what the world calls desperate depravity that trophies have been won. The sword we wield is two-edged, the ranks of cultured vice and self-satisfying immorality have yielded before the sword of the Lord and the Salvation Army, the repentance and restitution of unsuspected sinners has proven the genuineness of their change of heart, lives by the hundred that were once sacrificed to debauchery and lust are now conse-

crated to God and man's salvation. Profession, too, has laid aside its mask, and Pharaseism has discarded its phylacteries, and in the spirit of God's little children is found fighting side by side with the cleansed leper and the uplifted, purified Magdalen.

Just one case of the latter class occurs here. J. W. R., a clergyman of the English Church, writes: "For years I laboured in what I thought was my vocation, but my own inner self told me that I possessed not the one great blessing I held up to man's acceptance, in fact, that I merely was the dumb sign-post pointing to a road that I myself did not journey on. This conviction became intolerable, and I quit what I might well term my profession. I went, in common with others, to hear the Army, and shall never forget that first meeting, and when the Captain came and spoke to me asking if I was saved, the light broke in upon me and I realized what it was and how much I needed. The next day the officer visited me at my house, and on our knees we dealt with God, and, bless His name, I experienced the new birth and realized that I was a new creature in Christ. This gentleman's wife afterwards experienced Salvation in our meeting, and they both after joining the Auxiliary League felt called upon of God to the ranks, and to-day fly the colours and wear the uniform of Salvation Soldiers.

Here we must leave our trophies, satisfied with these few instances culled from the mighty whole. Surely if there were none others to be found there is ample reason for our existence, ample recompense for every hour occupied, every cent expended in our work. But a mightier force than earthly time or earthly wealth propels this soul-saving apparatus; no human energy,

no finite mind could have conceived or guided this stupendous work, and to God alone belongs the praise. Gathered from all ranks, all conditions, all creeds, all colours, we press on, happy in the consciousness that God leads the Army, and His Spirit rules and guides the War.

Life shall prove we are His soldiers,
Death shall find us at our post;
In the bat'le we'll be heroes,
Shouting victory till the last.

It will not be out of place here to take a passing glance at those other trophies of a material nature with which God has blessed us through the past year. Whilst it is true that all the gold and silver belong to God, it is equally true that a vast proportion of the material wealth of this world is diverted into channels that do not tend to God's glory. So that every dollar, every rod of land, every brick or stone, every bit of art, or science, or skill than can be expended in the raising of Salvation Forts may be looked upon as so much of God's property rescued from the enemies uses, and these erections can be justly regarded as the spoils and material trophies of the war.



THE INVALIDED.

CHAPTER VII.



"Sometimes I'm tired with toil and care,
Sometimes I'm weak and worn,"

It will be readily imagined that in the rush, the burden and the anxiety of this war, health and human energy become sometimes undermined and exhausted. There is no doubt that the life of a Salvationist, and especially of such as are called to the front rank, is a life of peculiar and unrelenting strain upon the fabric of the human frame; the ceaseless activity of the body, the continual worry upon the mind, the unchanging never varying strain upon the intellectual powers, cannot but tell upon the most robust constitutions, and although it is undeniably a fact that our great Leader does supply to His children

at times, almost super-human powers of endurance and fortitude, still it frequently happens that many of our officers are sick.

This being so, whilst taking into consideration the noble manner in which, from time to time, our soldiers and friends have, at great cost and sacrifice, cared for and tended, their leaders and officers in times of sickness and prostration, we had for a long time been waiting upon God in strong faith, to provide for us place or property which could be used and converted into a "home of rest." Of course, we saw our dear officers who had been prostrated in the fight, some of them with homes where they would be gladly received, but naturally reluctant to become a burden and an incumbrance upon those who they had, by reason of their duties, ceased materially to help. Again there were others (upon whom even since they started for God and enlisted in the fight, the doors of home and the hearts of friends had been irrevocably closed.) As we looked upon these our hearts longed for a haven of rest where, shut out from the burden of the fight and relieved from care and anxiety, they could recoup their energies, regain their spent strength, and whilst going apart to rest a while, they could have the Master with them, and being restored in body and refitted in soul, they could come again to the front more than ever equipped for the fray. We were pressed on every side with difficulties, our finances all too inadequate as they are for the burdens of the actual fight could not be drawn upon, and we felt we could only leave the matter with God, and He who is all and our only help came to the assistance of His own. Our old and constant friend, W. Gooderham, Esq., has thrown open to us a splendid building

which he has bought and fitted up most beautifully all ready for us to occupy. The house is pleasantly situated on George street, in the city of Toronto; it contains some ten or twelve rooms, with bath-rooms, kitchen and every convenience; it has been placed in charge of a sister well known to many of our officers and deservedly loved for her many kindnesses and motherly attentions. Here our sick comrades may rest with every chance of recovery and renewed strength, and being near the Head-quarters, will be within easy reach of those who can best advise and who have their welfare most at heart. We can only pause here to mark our deep sense of gratitude to him who has so used the bounties God has given him, as His steward, and who will be repaid here by the prayers of those who, being needy, will best prize his munificence, and hereafter by the "well done" of Him who lives in and through His little ones. "Inasmuch as ye did unto one of the least of these my brethren ye did it unto me.

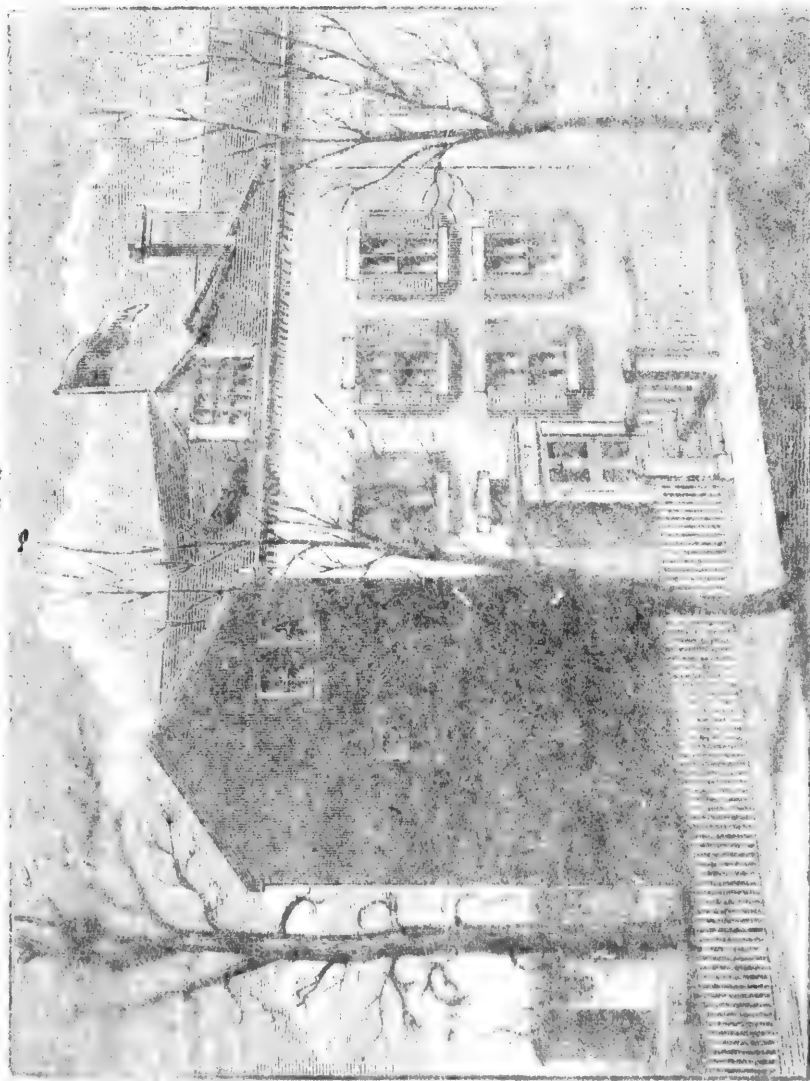
Of course, now that we have the "Home" and the need for it, it will be an additional expense and burden upon us, our "sick and wounded" fund up to the present time, has been all insufficient to meet the heavy calls that have been made upon it from time to time, and it has only been supported by the efforts of individual officers and the offerings at certain special Holiness meetings; we are all well aware of and have proved by a precious experience the promise "the Lord will provide," and we rest upon His promise still. Yet we know that the channel that He best loves to use is the willing hearts of His children. We feel confident that our friends have only to hear of this fund in order that they may gladly contribute,

and we can only leave the matter with their hearts and their duty; there are hundreds in the Dominion who are often exercised as to how they can show their appreciation of our officers' worth. There is no better way than in helping them through the sick and wounded fund. There are officers and soldiers too who, blessed with robust and unimpaired health, owe some little self-denial to God for this great love and blessing, we feel sure that they would desire no better way to show their gratitude and distribute the fruit of their self-denial than by helping their sick and wounded comrades. Surely as we love Him who bare the burden of our sins in His own body on the tree we shall be willing in this matter to extend the reflexion of that love to our weaker brethren and so fulfil the command and share the blessing "bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ."

And he who does but just advance
The sunbeam of a friendly glance,
In their affliction's cloudy day,
Shall have rich blessing for his part



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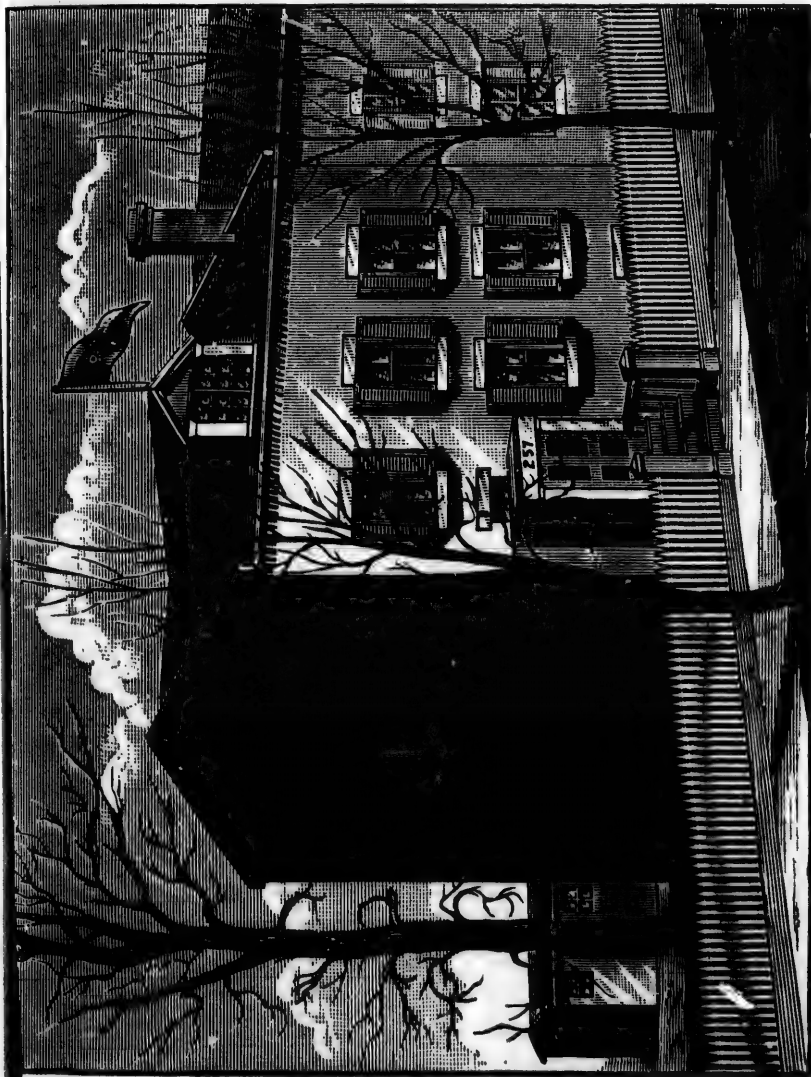
THE HOUSE OF REST.

and we must use the matter with their hearts
 and their hands are in the Dominion
 we must be careful not to let them show their
 weakness in our efforts. There is no better
 way of helping them than to be sick and wounded
 themselves. There are many who, blessed
 with great health, owe some little
 to the great love and blessing,
 to the fact that they have no better way to
 show their gratitude than to contribute the fruit of their
 strength to help their sick and wounded
 brethren. Surely as we love Him who bare the bur-
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THE HOME OF BEST, TORONTO.



THE VICTORS.

CHAPTER VIII.

"And they shall see His face . . . the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever."



OFFICERS CALLED HOME.

WHILST we thank and bless God for the way he has taken care of our comrades, and for all that he has spared to us, we also have to praise His great Name for the two that He has called home to be for ever with Himself, and to-day we look back with joy unspeakable upon the career of these who counted not life dear unto themselves, and who having laid it down have passed to their rest and their reward.

THE VICTORS

With the closing hours of 1885 there passed away from our side one whom we could ill spare, and Staff Capt.. James F. Madden, D O., of the Kingston Division, after a long and painful illness went to his reward.

It is true that a mighty sob of sorrow passed along the line, and almost every eye, from the Commissioner to the last file trembled with regretful tears; how many loving words were recalled, how many helpful accents of council and encouragement, how many clarion-like appeals were brought back to mind, all emanating from the same loving lips, which throughout his whole career were never opened except with tenderness and sympathy. Yet after all it were almost a sin to weep, the useful life, the bright experience, the lingering sickness, and the weary waiting for the call at last were submerged in the rolling ocean of the fruition of God's eternal presence.

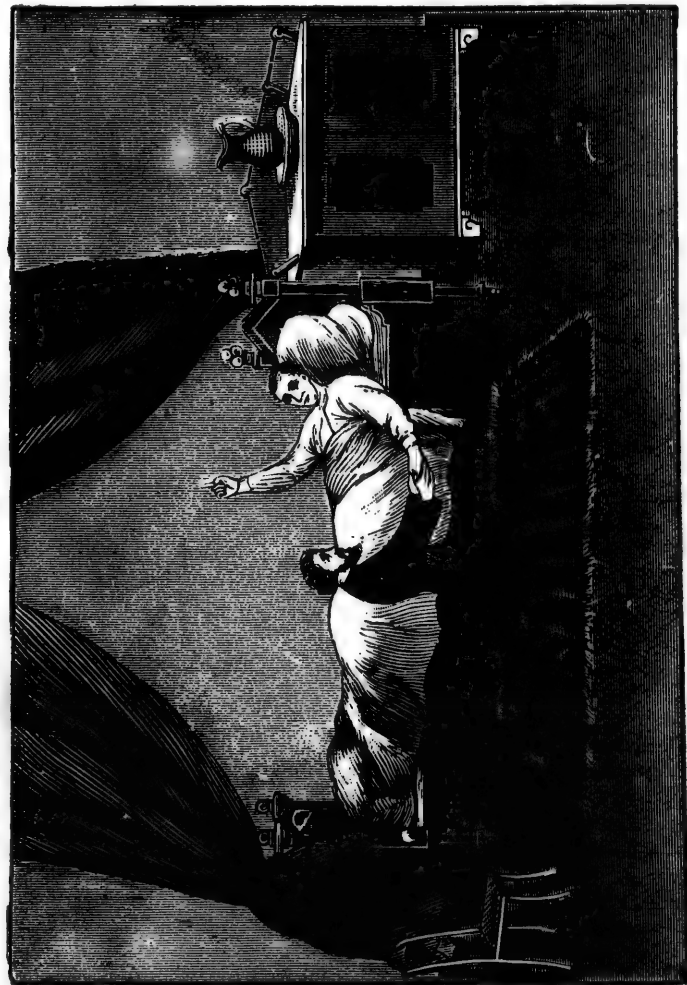
Staff-Capt. Madden, to use his own words, was "a real Canadian." He was born in the City of Belleville about the year 1852, and his parents were born in the Dominion. While yet an infant he had a very narrow escape from perishing in a fire, which consumed the paternal homestead, and at an early age he was removed with his family to the village of Newburgh, and here his childhood was passed. He had the advantage of truly Christian parents, and and was always surrounded by Christian influences of more than a common standard, and he was noted as a child of pious leanings. At the age of nine years he met his Saviour whilst attending a camp meeting at Kingston, and from that hour rejoiced in the evidence of his acceptance through the

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"HIS PRESENCE FILLS THE ROOM."

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HIS PRESENCE FILLS THE ROOM

Precious Blood. Ever after this young Madden walked in close communion with his Heavenly Father, and I have often heard him speak of how all through his youthful days he had the continual experience of the power that keeps us as well as saves. He was quite a boy when he first felt the call into the Master's vineyard, and for a long time he, like many more, repelled the invitation. Although he did not all at once offer himself for the public ministry, his private life and example were early blessed to the good of others, and I have heard his schoolfellows, some of whom to-day are in the front rank of the Salvation Army, testify to the good they received from his consistent manifestations of sterling piety amid much ridicule and persecution. As he advanced in years his Master's work was impressed more and more upon his mind, and at length, when he could no longer resist the call, and the burden of the perishing souls around became intolerable, he yielded to the promptings of the Spirit, and entered into the necessary preparations for the public ministry of the precious Word of Life. His circumstances about this time became changed, and he was enabled to commence the requisite studies, and for a time he was engaged in evangelical work in the North-west. Soon after his return to his home at Chatham the Salvation Army marched into the place, and James at once recognized in them the people of God. At first his natural quietude, and the prejudice consequent on his training kept him aloof, but God soon showed him that here was his vocation, and he became a Soldier in the Chatham Corps. After overcoming many barriers of difficulty, in the opposition of family and friends, he offered himself for the field, and

being accepted, was sent as Cadet to the 1st Canadian (Toronto) Corps, in February, 1883, and was soon promoted to the rank of Lieutenant. He remained here for six months, and gave rich promise of the usefulness to which God was about to exalt him. On the 26th of August, in the same year, he was promoted Captain, and sent to the then new station of Barrie. Here God wonderfully blessed and used him, and he was enabled to lay the foundation of a grand corps of truly devoted Soldiers, and to-day there are hundreds of Christians in that place that are thanking God for his sojourn amongst them. On the 17th February, 1884, he farewelled from Barrie, and this occasion was one of the most wonderful demonstrations that ever occurred in that town. He returned to Toronto to the command of his old Corps, and his whole career there was a time marked by wonderful demonstrations of God's power to save. For seven months, night after night, souls were brought to God, and hundreds stepped into the light and blessing of full Salvation. Nor was his usefulness confined to his Corps and Barracks, numbers of Cadets who, passing through Toronto or awaiting appointments there, being thrown within his influence, received such lessons and counsel that have borne glorious fruit all over the Dominion. At the great war Council of Sept., 1884, Capt. Madden was promoted and appointed to the charge of the Kingston Division, and remained at that post till April, 1885, when failing health made it necessary for him to rest.

It was during his charge in this Division that he led the attacking column to open fire on Montreal, and there suffered much persecution, hard

blows and imprisonment for the Master's cause, but God wonderfully used him, and hundreds were brought to the Master's feet. Of his work in his Division, the Division itself is the best memorial, and there too, as in the various corps which he commanded, Madden has left an impression which, with his memory alike, time will not easily efface.

For some months before being laid aside Capt. Madden's strength had gradually been failing, and at last he was compelled to retire to his family at Chatham, in the hope that rest and quiet would eventually restore him to the fight. Here through the summer he remained, and many and earnest were the prayers offered for his recovery, but strength continued to fail, and gradually the conviction forced itself upon all that the end was surely approaching. Still he did not remain idle. Although unable to take active duty he used his pen for God's glory, and his printed articles and private correspondence were alike blessed to many souls. As the outward man declined the spiritual life seemed to blaze out the more vividly, and as he receded from earth the glories of heaven seemed to shine in, and through him recognized by all around.

Some two weeks before his departure the Commissioner visited him as he passed through Chatham on his duties. It was early morning, and the Captain had not risen, as was his wont, for a short time during the middle of the day. "I shall not easily forget the interview, as I saw the tall figure stretched upon the bed reduced to the helplessness of an infant, and the eyes blazing with a glow that seemed to reflect the glories of the better world. 'Is Jesus precious to you now,' I said, and stretching

his arms at full length he cried, in a voice of rapture, 'His presence fills the room,' and so he passed away a few more days, each one marked with brighter and more glorious tokens of the Divine presence, and with a sigh of relief and a smile of recognition to those already within the veil, he passed to his rest with the spirits of just men made perfect."

On the last day of the year we laid his remains aside till the morning, and great crowds assembled to see the last honours paid to a comrade so loyal, true, and devoted, and the services both of the funeral and the memorial were seasons of power, and many souls were brought to God.

Staff-Capt. Madden will ever be looked upon both within and without the ranks as a model Salvation Officer, and his name will hold an honoured place amongst the pioneers of the Salvation war in our Dominion. We linger upon his precious memory, how many he brought to God, and the magnificent number of those souls that he inspired and uplifted to the life of God can never be known till we meet in the morning when

"The day breaks and the shadows flee away."

Another Officer during the year was suddenly, and in the bloom of an expectant career of usefulness, called to join the Grand Army of Heaven; and Captain Mrs. Beaty, a three months' wife, and an officer of undoubted usefulness and promise, has been called away; and is to-day numbered amongst our venerable dead.

Mattie Calhoun was amongst the very early converts in the Salvation War in the Dominion. She was born in the village of Carlisle, in the county of

Middlesex, Ont., her father being a well-to-do farmer in that place, and here her early life was spent, under the influences of a well-regulated Christian home. It was not, however, until after the Army had opened fire on the City of London that she experienced a change of heart. Her elder sister, afterwards Capt. O'Leary, had become converted, and through her influence Mattie was attracted to the Salvation Army meetings. It was during those wonderful months when, under the leadership of Capt. Mrs. Shirley, the whole city was shaken by the power of God and so many swept into the cleansing river. Attending the meetings, soon she became convicted, and yielding to the Spirit's pleadings, threw herself at the Master's feet and was accepted in the beloved. From the outset she was a real out and out Soldier, and making the full surrender experienced the blessing of holiness, and from that hour became out and out for God.

It was at that time that she realized that God was calling her to the front of the battle, and she may be numbered amongst those many who about this time gave themselves to God and the Army from the 2nd Canadian Corps. Her sister Capt. O'Leary, about this time was placed in charge of the Chatham Corps, and Mattie took up her residence in that place fighting valiantly in the ranks until she was called to the Cadetship. In November, 1873, she was appointed to the Ingersoll Corps, and there as Lieut. she opened the town of Tilsonburg as an outpost, and in the following February it being made a station, Capt. Calhoun was placed in command, and a glorious work was done in the salvation of souls, and on her removal she left a hallowed memory and a blessed influence behind her.

On the 22nd June, 1884, the Hallelujah guns were levelled on the strongholds of sin in Sarnia by Major Glover, and Capt. Calhoun was left in charge here. For many weeks they fought almost single-handed. Capt. Beaty was amongst the first converts, and he and one or two others were the only soldiers, and night after night did "sentry go," at the door of the old rink whilst the lasses lifted up the Saviour of sinners to the crowd within. For months it was a hard fight, mobs of rowdies mobbed the little band of warriors in the open-air and stormed the barracks, yet thro' it all souls were brought to God, and it was no infrequent sight to see a free fight raging at one end of the building, whilst at the other, crowds at the penitent form were weeping their way to light and liberty. At the end of seven months when our comrade took her farewell a large and vigorous corps testified to the extent and reality of the blessing she in God's hand had been to the community. In January 1885, she opened and claimed for God under the Army Flag, the most important town on the shores of Huron, Goderich.

We well remember the attack, someone said to us it had been "armed to death," and indeed bogus armies had done all they could do to bring the religion of Jesus Christ into ridicule and contempt; but Capt. Mattie, and her Cadet, stuck to their guns, and with the dogged determination of real Hallelujah lasses, braved the storm and let the light of their sanctified lives shine out upon the people. It was the privilege of the writer on more than one occasion to stand in the open air as the only support of the lasses, and to-day we can recall the last time we left them at the depot, when with cheery voice the lion-hearted lass

bid us good-bye saying "It's win or die but here I stick, God helping me," and stick she did, and the result could only be one with such faith and determination. After some month or two the break came, and souls by the scores sought the Saviour, and a flourishing corps and station was built up. After a six months fight here our comrade was removed to Stratford, and for six months held the fort and did good work for the Master, when the call again came to break new ground. This was at Hanover, or she loved to call it, "Little Germany." During the three months charge here a flourishing corps was established and many spiritual children have arisen to call her name blessed.

On the 28th of last April, during the great opening week at the Temple, Captain Calhoun was married to her old convert and faithful soldier now Capt. Ben Beatty, the ceremony being performed by Marshal Ballington Booth, and of the thousands who witnessed the rite and bid them "God speed," few could have imagined that in three short months her earthly happiness would have bloomed into the bliss of the eternal, but so He that doeth all things well had ordained. After a few weeks rest Capt. and Mrs. Beatty were placed in charge of the corps at Prescott, and there up to a few weeks before her death, our comrade laboured faithfully and unceasingly for the Salvation of the people. Her last testimony was given at the celebration of the Corps Anniversary during the visit of the D.O., and that evening she was stricken with fever, which ultimately released her soul. During the earlier weeks of her sickness she was perfectly conscious, and though aware of the extreme danger of her case, had perfect peace and rest in the arms of her Lord, continually singing in sweetest accents her

favourite songs, and she frequently expressed to those about her the perfect confidence she had, and spoke of the glorious meeting there would be upon the Golden Street, and grasping the hands of her husband and Capt. O'Leary who waited upon her, with beaming face she took their pledges to meet her in the Soldiers Home in Glory. For some days previous to her death she was, for the most part, unconscious and lost altogether the power of speech; but she gave evidence that she was peacefully awaiting the call. A few hours before her departure, however, she was heard in a whisper, though perfectly distinct, to exclaim, "Precious Jesus, thou art all in all to me," and on the 26th July, as the chariot was lowered, she stepped joyfully in, and was carried to the bosom of her Eternal Father. Hallelujah!

She was buried from the family homestead at Carlisle, on the 28th of July, in real Army style, Major Woolley, D.O., and many of the officers and soldiers with the Brass Band of the London Division assisting. It was a most impressive gathering, and at the invitation of the D.O., all pledged themselves to live lives of more thorough devotion to God and the world's salvation. Many tears were shed at the remembrance that a loving comrade was removed from our ranks, and that her loving help and cheery sympathy would to us in the future be but a cherished memory; but these tears were soon staunch'd by the recollection that another trophy had been laid at the King's feet, and another jewel deck'd His diadem for all eternity.

In reviewing the lives of our comrades promoted and dwelling upon their last moments, the conviction forces itself upon us very distinctly; surely these at least have fulfilled the highest aims of life and the

great end for which that were created and placed in the world. It is quite true that both of them might in the world's eyes have filled a more exalted position, they might have carved for themselves a place amongst their fellows, have gathered to themselves position, wealth and the good will of the children of this generation, who are wiser in their own conceits than the children of light, and they might have gone down to the grave full of years, covered with honour, and upon their tombs the laurels of fame have been laid amid the plaudits of men; and the world would have honoured their discretion and have lauded the wisdom of their choice. But all this granted, would the world have profited ought by their existence, would one heart have known more of light or of joy or blessedness as the fruit of their toil? Nay! would even their memory have survived a tithe of years! But as it is their walk was humble, and in a measure, obscure; their name and fame may not have extended beyond their own circle, but hearts will cherish their memories for all time; in the mouths of men and women of God their names have become familiar as household words, and when men and time and things of the world shall have passed away their glorified form bearing the crown of many stars shall adorn the Valhalla of God for all eternity; amongst the good and holy and charitable of all ages who, having chosen the good part that cannot be taken away, and with those who have turned many to righteousness they shall shine for ever as stars in His kingdom.

**" Their bodies are buried in peace,
And their names live for ever more."**

THE RANK AND FILE IN HEAVEN.

The glisten of the white robe,
The waving of the Palm,
The ended war and sorrow,
The sweet eternal calm,

Although with the above two exceptions God has been pleased to spare all our dear officers to the fight during the past year; the Silent Orderly that bears the marching orders has been busy in our ranks; comrades of all ages, sex and conditions have been summoned above to share the glories of the King's chambers, and while the ranks of the Salvationists have been reaching out, extending and increasing in all parts of the Dominion and all round the world, the Grand Army in heaven has received many additions from the Canadian field, and numbers whose delight it was to watch and wait and work, to march the streets, and don the Army Red and Blue, have gone home, their work completed, to enjoy their rest and march the streets of gold. Gathering on the shores of the glassy sea, they have put on the robes of white which is the uniform of the countless millions of the redeemed, and they are numbered amongst those warriors of all grades who enjoy the glories of Heaven, and having awoke in His likeness are satisfied.

"From the martyr and apostle
To the sainted baby boy,
Every consecrated chalice
In the King of Glory's palace
Overflows with holy joy."

Lindsay was the first corps to send a recruit to the palace for the year, and early in October Bro. John Kirkpatrick, after leaving a glowing testimony as to the preciousness of his Saviour, in the chills of death,

went home. Eighty-one of his comrades stood beneath the flag as its folds drooped over his earthly grave, and in the presence of a great concourse of people, pledged themselves to meet him beyond the river, and warned the bystanders to prepare for death.

Bandsman William B. Gorrie, of the Guelph corps, next exchanged his cornet for the golden harp. He was a bright and shining soldier; converted in the Salvation Army for fifteen months, he marched in its ranks a spectacle to men and angels. Few soldiers have carried more weight in their circle than did Bro. Gorrie, his testimony always on hand, was clear, convincing and filled with love, and his words in the open air or barracks were ever received with respect and attention; and all this was backed by sterling piety. A soldier in the ranks of the city battalion of volunteers, he carried the message of salvation to his comrades, and when in camp with his regiment, he loved to get them together and deal with them for eternity. The last meeting he attended was at the commissioning of the bandsmen of his corps, and he was removed from that meeting to his home on account of illness. For some weeks he lingered and suffered, but through all exhibited the patience and fortitude of a true soldier, and as he passed away, he left a testimony that bore out the principle that comely and beautiful as had been his christian life, his departure was a progress of joy to the golden city.

Sister Mary Croft, of the Carleton, N.B. corps next joined the celestial battalion. Saved at the penitent form in the barracks; for five months she led the life of a servant of the "Spotless one," and joined the Lord with expressions of joy when the call came to summon

her to His presence. Her very last moments were spent in entreating those around her bed to prepare for death, and all at once exclaiming: "Oh! He is coming—I see Him," she stepped within the veil and received her crown. Her funeral was attended by vast crowds and souls were saved at the memorial service.

The next name on the honor roll of promotion is sister Annie Body of the Walkerton corps. She accepted the terms of the Master, surrender from all sin and received pardon through the blood in the barracks of that town, and for a long time was an exemplary working soldier. Some few months before her death circumstances removed her from her home to Alpena, Michigan, where, although removed from the privileges and influences of the Army, she lived the life and gave the testimony of a true blood and fire soldier. During her illness of some few weeks duration she was firm in her trust to the Saviour and her devotion to the flag. Her last evidence was strong and clear. "Don't you hear Him calling," she said, "He stands waiting for me," then she sang the old chorus:

"'Im saved I am, I know I am;"

and so passed into the city of the saved. Shortly before her death being asked as to her funeral, she said, "Bury me under the Army flag and in my suit of blue," and the good christian people of the place, as far as they were able, fulfilled her last desire, and the minister forwarded her last testimony to her comrades of the Dominion.

The loving call now came to Sister Effie Jones, of the Seaforth Corps, who at the early age of 17 laid down the armour and received a crown. She was

converted in an Army meeting on the 20th April, 1884, and early the following winter, after a hard struggle, she laid all upon the Altar, and God unmistakably sanctified her soul. She was a Soldier through and through: no night too dark, no storm too severe to keep her from the open air, ever ready to speak or pray, and her sweet voice was always in tune for the King's praises. Her home life was what the home life of a true Salvation lass always is—true to her duty, as true to her God. When the call came for her sisters, who with herself and brother had been saved in the Army, to take the field for Jesus, Effie, whose heart was in the fight, elected to bear her cross at home and devote herself to her parents and little brothers and sisters, but with all her duties fulfilled to the letter, she still remained the same efficient Soldier, doing good service in the Little Soldier's war. In November a disease of the heart manifested itself, and although at first no serious result was expected, at last the summons came, and with the words "Jesus, Jesus, I'm coming," she stepped to her reward. She was buried beneath the flag she loved so well, and which her own willing fingers had helped to stitch, and her lamp now burns brightly in heaven; its light not having gone out upon earth.

Bro. Andrew Robins, a Norwich Soldier, was called home December 3rd, 1885, after waring a good fight for more than a year. He was saved in the Army, and was an exemplary soldier. On being questioned as to his hope he said, "Thank God, I am on the royal road to heaven, waiting till Jesus comes." According to his last wishes he was buried with the "honours of the War," in the presence of a great

concourse of people, and attended by a large number of his comrades.

Bro. Charles McDougal, of the Hamilton Corps, was converted in an Army meeting at Hagersville, and shortly afterwards removing to Hamilton, was enrolled a Soldier there. He was only sick for a few days, but in his death as in his life he left a grand testimony to the power of the Blood to save and keep. He took a severe cold, but with youth on his side (he was eighteen) it was supposed he would recover. He, however, gradually got worse and became conscious of his approaching death, and as he stepped into the Chariot he exclaimed, "It is all right." His comrades buried him with honours, and a most impressive and convicting scene took place at his burial.

"I will die for King Jesus" were the last words of Sister E. Delill, of the Peterboro' corps, just as she passed away. She was converted in the Salvation Army, and for six months had been a good soldier. The call came unexpectedly, but she was quite ready. She was present at her last roll-call on earth on the 11th January, and on the 16th she answered to her name in Heaven. Almost her last act upon earth was to plead with her unconverted husband to get ready to meet her and to receive his promise that he would. She lived a Soldier, died a Soldier, was honoured with a Soldier's funeral, and now is enjoying the Soldier's rest and reward.

Dresden sends a recruit to the glory land in Father Grooms, as his comrades loved to call him. His marching orders came on Sunday, January 24th, and found him ready for the route, with lantern trimmed and burning, to march through the dark valley. The previous Sunday, in the Barracks he had testified to

the goodness of God, and pleaded to dying men to get ready for Heaven, and his daily life spoke even louder than his testimony to the saving, keeping power of God. His comrades mustered in great force for the funeral, and it and the memorial service were owned of God in the Salvation of Souls.

On March 11th the messenger came to the Bath Corps, and Sister Ada Mott joined the ranks promoted. For two years she had been a valiant Soldier, and was a light whose radiance not only illuminated her Corps, but shone out upon the whole community to God's glory. Through her last sickness she bore a blessed testimony to the fortitude of a true Soldier, and to be in her presence was to feel the breezes of heaven as they floated through the opening gate. Her last prayer was that the carrying out of her body to the burial might be used to the awakening of sinners, and smiling she said, "One angel has arrived and another is coming, and I am going to sleep." With these words she passed the river. Her funeral, in real Army style, caused a general awakening through the village, and at the memorial service her mother and three others sought and found the Saviour.

About this time a very sudden call removed Comrade Alexander Mann from the ranks of the Lindsay Corps. He was a young lad of sixteen, saved in our Barracks, and since his conversion before comrades and associates had lived and walked a true Soldier. His quiet, loving disposition, sanctified and hallowed by the indwelling spirit, had endeared him alike to comrades and workmates. Going about his usual duties upon the railway, he was suddenly struck by a shunting engine, and his body maimed and mangled in the most distressing way. He only survived a

sufficient time to take leave of his friends, and to leave a blessed assurance that the Golden Gates received him to the Soldier's Home.

His comrades turned out in great force to lay him to rest beneath the flag under which he was born of God, and beneath whose folds he had by his life adorned his profession and glorified his Saviour, and the funeral was a time of great awakening amongst the community.

The King's messenger now calls on the London City Corps, and Sister Mrs. Land gladly obeys the summons. She was one of the first souls won for God by the Army in the city, and consequently one of the oldest soldiers in Canada. For nearly four years she had lived and walked and worked as only God's own Soldiers and Servants can. Always at her post, an untiring and indefatigable "War Cry" seller, a Soldier through and through, in the street, in the Barracks, in her home, she witnessed a good confession before men and angels. She had only a few hours to get ready for her journey, but her affairs were settled, and she eagerly awaited the change, and at the call she triumphantly passed to her reward. The Corps mustered in strong force at her funeral, and the city was again privileged with the spectacle of a Soldier's triumph. The simple and sublime Army ritual for the dead was fulfilled to the letter, and many hearts were touched and warned to prepare. At the memorial service many sought the Saviour in answer to the appeals of the husband and family, as well as the Comrades of our Sister.

Sister Mrs. Smith, of Tilsonburg, for two years took up and carried the daily cross of a Salvation Soldier, and at a short warning triumphantly crossed

the billows of death. Questioned as to her hope she said, "All is well, Jesus is here," and in a few hours passed away, anxious, and clothed for the marriage supper. Her funeral and memorial were powerful services, and her son found peace in his mother's Saviour.

Bro. John Tame, of Petrolia, was saved in an Army meeting, and for six months witnessed for God as a Soldier. After a few days of intense suffering, through which his trust never wavered, he passed away praising God for His great Salvation. The funeral and memorial attracted great crowds, and much conviction rested on the unsaved present.

Bro. Arthur L. Davis, of Point St. Charles (Montreal II.), was a faithful, loving Comrade, and throughout his career as a Soldier was loved and honoured by all for the manifestations of the child-like spirit of Christ, which shone through his daily life. And He who had saved him and kept him through his warfare was present with him in death. Almost his last words were, "I'm satisfied with Jesus even now," and so he passed into the fullness of the Divine presence. His funeral and memorial were times of blessing and power.

Bro. Sherburn, of Bracebridge, passed from earth to heaven on the 10th of march, in his 64th year—a faithful Soldier, had peace in his death, and as he breathed his last, "thanked God for Salvation through the Army." A great number of Soldiers bore his remains to the grave and rejoiced in his triumph, warning sinners to be also ready for the call.

Comrade Lizzie Walker, an out-and-out Hallelujah Lass of the Clinton Corps, crossed over on March 14th, and though only in her eighteenth year had

THE VICTORS.

done good service for the Master. A few hours before her departure she called her sister and said, "Pollie, thank God, I'm on the rock," and in that shelter she passed over. A funeral of more than ordinary effectiveness and conviction closed her career as a Soldier here, and some started then to meet her on the other side.

Bro. George Yebbits, of Coaticooke, about this time was called up higher from a very useful Soldier's life, which from its promise gave hopes of years of usefulness in the field, but God had otherwise ordered it. After a short illness of much suffering, borne with a Christ-like spirit, he went home to meet his Maker and Judge with a smile, and hear the "Well done." His funeral under the Flag was an effective and awakening time, much blessed to God's glory.

On the 1st of May another bandsman joined the celestial orchestra. Bro. Harry Wells was one of the favourites of the Galt Corps, both with his Comrades and all that knew him. Before the advent of the Army he was a lover of evil company and a victim to strong drink, but the Hallelujah drum attracted him to the meetings, and there he found pardon through the Precious Blood. God led him into the band, and it was his delight, not only to march the street playing Salvation airs to attract others in sin, but his daily life was a standing witness for God to his Comrades and the world outside. On April 16th he met with a serious accident, and little hopes were entertained of his recovery. From his bed he continued to warn sinners, and speaking to his Officers said, "I am so glad this did not happen two years ago, for then I would have been without a hope, and I could never have got right in this intense pain. But, thank

God, if He calls me now I am ready to meet Him," and in a few days he went home rejoicing. At his funeral a great concourse of people were drawn together, and a minister who was present, addressing the people, said of our Comrade: "It was not only his testimonies on the street and in the Barracks that had shown that he lived to please God, but the same light shone out from his daily actions in his workshop and his home.

Father Pickard, of Ingersoll, triumphantly crossed the flood in his 80th year, after serving God for a year in his bed, where he had been confined by sickness. Two years and a-half ago he attended an Army meeting, and whilst there, he was convicted of his sins and realized that for seventy long years he had lived at enmity with God. Of course, the devil tried to persuade him that it was too late now, but he determined to trust his case to God, and coming down as a convicted sinner to His feet for pardon, he was soon enabled to shout "Glory to God, I'm saved." Up to his sickness, he was a true soldier, and afterwards was numbered with the saints who have glorified God upon their beds. He passed peacefully to his rest and reward, and desiring to be buried under the flag where he had sought and found his Saviour. A great gathering carried his remains to the graveyard, and at night in the memorial service, his granddaughter sought and obtained salvation.

Bro. Barron, of Strathroy, passed triumphantly over the river to the rest of God's people early in June; and was buried with the honours of war by his comrades, a blessed time being experienced by all.

Bro. James Treen next answered to his name in the Golden city. He was a true loyal Salvation Soldier,

saved and sanctified under the flag, always at his post ready and contented to do anything and be nothing for the world's salvation. Through his illness, amidst pain and weariness and distress, his face always wore a smile, and cheerily and brightly he awaited the summons. At last it came, and with the words "Blessed Jesus" upon his lips, he stepped forth to answer on the golden floor. A grand hallelujah funeral terminated his career upon earth, by which his comrades were blessed and uplifted in their souls, and his fellow citizens were warned to prepare to meet him in heaven.

Sister Margaret Pratt, of Stroud, went peacefully to her rest on the 10th July. She was saved in the Army meetings, and for two years was a faithful soldier. She left behind a clear and definite testimony as to the power of Salvation to keep in the hour and article of death, and her life had been a standing testimony to God's glory. A great crowd attended her funeral, conducted with Salvation honours, and at the memorial service, six souls sought the Saviour.

Sister Caswell, of the Elora corps, was a true soldier, testifying alike by her life in the barracks and her home, and on her sick bed and in the hour of death, to God's power to save, and to the reality and substantiality of the work done in her soul. She was buried with all honours, and the service was blessed with many souls.

Bro. Amos Gosbell, of Essex Centre, left the fight rejoicing. He was saved in the Army, and for two years was a much loved and faithful comrade, always eager for duty and prompt at his post. Notwithstanding his great suffering he was always cheerily singing the Army songs he loved so well, and over and

over again declared his readiness to meet God. The Sunday before his death, as his comrades marched past the house, he raised himself and waved his arm in token of victory, and remarked to his wife, "thank God I'm a soldier and I'll soon be home." His last moments were a vivid and powerful testimony as to the reality of his Salvation and his unbounded confidence in God. Just as he passed away, he rose in his bed, and in a voice of extraordinary power and singular sweetness, sang,

"He's the Lilly of the Valley,"

and the chorus "I'm H-A-P-P-Y," and falling back into the chariot, was carried by the angels to His father's bosom.

Brother Willie Jackson, of Moorefields, passed to the front in his 11th year, and his last moments were a standing witness, as also his life had for some time been, to the power and willingness of God to save the little ones. With almost his last breath he sang

"Its waves my soul are cleansing,
Whiter than the driven snow."

He passed away, the treasure and brightest gem from a Salvation home, to adorn the King's chambers over there. He was honoured with a soldier's funeral, at which many were blessed of God.

Thedford corps now sends a recruit to the heavenly ranks in Sister Mary Burley, who crossed death's flood triumphantly on the 28th June. She had been saved a little more than two years, and ever bore the brightest testimony, her whole soul being centered on doing the will of God. For several months her last sickness deprived her of the privileges of active work and of the meetings at the barracks; but officers and

soldiers alike passed many blessed seasons at her bedside, and the closing scene upon earth was a fitting introduction to the brighter glories of the better world. She passed away in perfect peace, as above; and on the 30th her comrades laid her remains away with all possible honour and respect, lifting up the realities of death and judgment to the unsaved, and pledging themselves to more faithful untiring service and to that perseverance that shall entitle them to abundant entrance to the glories their comrade had passed over to enjoy.

Bro. Barron, of Strathroy, went to Heaven shouting Hallelujah. He had, for some time, been a faithful soldier of the Lord, Jesus Christ, and an out and out Salvationist. His funeral was a most impressive gathering, and great crowds turned out to pay their last respects to an esteemed townsman; the occasion was used for the uplifting of the coming death and judgment and the freedom and fulness of the Saviour's love.

After a short illness of nine days, Bro. Joseph Miller, of Tilsonburgh, went to his rest and reward; he was a soldier from the earlier days of the corps, and witnessed to a good testimony by his daily life. His last hours were most impressive and edifying. The day before he died he told his dear wife to put away all his clothes, as he was about to exchange for the white-robe of Heaven's uniform; and so rejoicing he went to the Palace of the King. He was buried with honours before a great crowd of people, to whom the great truths of eternity were faithfully declared.

Bro. Johnnie Whitten, of Essex Centre, whose life as a soldier was indeed a blessed one, now passed away. His life of purity was filled with power,

blameless and unspotted he walked, a rebuke to a crooked generation. His last illness was blessed to many souls, and his death was that of a saint precious in the sight of the Lord. His life was blessed with immortal fruit, and his memory will long be green in the hearts of his comrades, standing out as it does, a pattern of a true soldier and follower of the Master.

Bro. Frederic Nookes, of Bowmanville, received the summons joyfully amid much suffering; his life was that of a fighting soldier, his death the progress of a victor to his triumph, his life was a blessed example and help to his comrades, and his death a glorious spectacle of the power of God to carry His loved ones home. His funeral was an imposing scene; and at the memorial, his wife and two others sought and obtained Salvation. Around the grave his comrades pledged themselves anew and afresh to the War.

Sister Sarah Cassels was a soldier firm and straight of the Clinton corps, and she passed to glory giving every evidence of perfect peace and trust in her Saviour's promise to be with her through the Dark Valley. She received a soldier's funeral, and a blessed time of power and Salvation was enjoyed.

The death angel again visits the Thedford corps, and brother Wesley Service answers to the call; his career as a soldier had been unblemished, and he was holy and beautiful in his death. His last testimony to his Captain was "So beautifully, sweetly, trusting in Jesus." And so he went to the source and rest of the "Beautiful." At his memorial service, one of his old companions sought the Saviour and was found of Him.

With the close of our year the call came for the first time to our Comrades in Newfoundland, Sister Butler, of the St. John's Corps, being summoned home. She was saved a few weeks after the arrival of our pioneers in the Island, and having found the Precious Pearl, she was a short time afterwards seized with a painful illness. It was not, however, till a week previous to her death that she realized that her end was so near. She was made a rich blessing to saved and unsaved in her death, and shortly before she breathed her last she sang :

"Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll."

At the funeral both her father and mother knelt at her coffin, and forsaking sin and seeking the Saviour, entered into the joy of the justified ; and forty precious souls were saved within ten days of her death.

Another Newfoundland Comrade passed to the everlasting Hills about this time. Sister Sarah Penney, who while away with her family and other Comrades from her Corps, fishing on the Labrador coast, was unexpectedly called home. She died as she had lived, a true soldier. Having unflinchingly stood to her post in life, she trembled not nor feared whilst crossing the dark river, the Everlasting Arms being round and about her, and her last breath declared

"My rest is in Heaven."

Thus we end our honour roll for the year, and as we tell the number of our departed Comrades we shed no tears nor heave no sigh for them. They rest from their labours with the blessed dead who died in the Lord.

Obscure and unnoticed they walked the earth on
the King's Highway, and have entered even into His
Chambers owned and acknowledged by Him, and
numbered amongst the precious number,

Who in God's blessed favour live and die,
Death does not come too soon to such an one,
However short their life, their work is done;
Yet still their influence lives, their memory's blest,
And they in God's eternal bosom sweetly rest.



THE CAMPAIGN OF THE FUTURE.

CHAPTER IX.



IN this Dominion of ours, a mighty work is lying before us. The yawning future sparkles with golden opportunities, and upon every hand is heard the cry, "Come over into Macedonia and help us."

For four years we have been responding to this cry, and still it rings. The sin-blighted victims from the very vortex of iniquity implore our assistance; the wale of the drunkard, the harlot, and the vilest of the vile call us to the rescue! As we look at the vice and misery so predominant in the streets of our Canadian cities, it makes our hearts ache, and yet that bright beam of hope, fanned by the love of God, which springs up in our breast and tells us something can be done to elevate and restore this poor fallen humanity, makes us rejoice.

Perhaps before this book is in the hands of our readers we shall have started our Rescue Homes for

the saving of our fallen sisters, who are, sad to relate, already on the increase, ruining not only their own bodies and souls, but helping to drag down the damnable abyss whole regiments of our youth that were once as pure as the morning dew, and who are being cursed and blighted by vice and iniquity.

But shall it be that our boys and girls that are to be Canada's future, who are to take the reins of the government and commerce of our Dominion, shall be thus ruined? The voice of purity cries no; the voice of hope says no; God says no; and the Salvation Army, by the help of Jehovah, will do its part to sweep it from the land.

We do not mean to take hold of this work as a mere moralizing institution. Not only do we aim to be physical physicians of our fellowmen, but we are after getting people converted; in fact, this is the object of all our methods and plans.

We are also on the eve of opening a Prison-Gate Brigade work. It is a well known fact that when a man comes out of prison he is almost sure to go back again. Nobody will trust him or even afford him hospitality. He is invariably unable to get work, and thus in despair he puts his hand to the wrong again in spite of his good intentions. Our mission is to establish a home for these poor men, treat them kindly, find them employment, get at their hearts, and get them saved, and send them out to situations as honourable men in the world. As for the results of this work, we are quite confident they will be as grand and blessed as in England, Australia, and elsewhere.

We have a man and wife already to undertake this work, who will labor night and day in this grand and new departure. All we want is means to furnish a

house and help to support the same, and on we go. The Lord touch somebody's heart in this direction!

Between the Provinces of Ontario and New Brunswick lies a tract of country comprising one hundred and ninety-three thousand three hundred and fifty-five square miles, which is populated by about two million French, besides numerous tribes of the Iroquis and Micmac Indians. This is one of the greatest lumbering and shipbuilding fields of Canada, and yields some of the best timber in the world. Thousands of the people work on the rivers, felling the timber and floating it down in rafts. These lumbermen are about the roughest class in the country; living in the forest they scarcely ever hear anything about God or Salvation. A large field of labor lies open here, and we believe that ere long, from the forests of Quebec will be raised up many a valiant Soldier of the Cross.

Already our flag is planted in the Capital of the Province, viz., the City of Quebec. As yet we have directed our attention entirely to the French population, and our readers by this time all know what a fight it has been.

In this work, France has afforded us noble assistance in the shape of four female officers and one lad, and in the very near future we hope to repay France four-fold by sending back officers to help save the infidels of that dark country. In many of our cities there are settlements of Italians, German and Dutch to whom we hope soon to direct our attention. Already we have several German-speaking officers, and others are preparing for the Italian work.

Manitoba, British Columbia, and the North-West Territory blazen forth for future conquest. Indeed.

it is very necessary that we should now take our stand in these important points, that we may be ready to receive the vast crowds of our fellowmen who are going to seek their fortunes and homes in the wild prairies and forests of these western lands, in order that we may help them to start right. How important a good start is! What heaps of misery there are in the world that would have been avoided if a different start had been made! We want to do something to alleviate the misery and suffering of our dusky aborigines received at the hands of the white men.

Often has it been asked the old white-haired Indian hunter what was the cause of the degeneration of the Indian nations, and with a grave look he has turned round and gravely replied, "Ah, my son, my heart sickens when I look at that which has happened to our forefathers since the pale face came amongst us. Before the white man landed on our shores, the redmen of the forest were numerous, powerful, wise and happy. In those days nothing but the weight of many winters bore them down to the grave. The game in the forest and the fish in the waters abundantly supplied their wants. While our forefathers were in this happy state, they cast their eyes towards the rising sun and beheld a big canoe with white wings approaching nearer and nearer to the shore. A strange people landed, wise as the gods, powerful as the thunder, with faces as white as snow. The strangers then asked for a little piece of land, which was granted; they continued to ask, and at last took to the sword and drove the poor Indian back."

In this way the redmen have gradually been stripped of their hunting grounds and cornfields. Their children began to cry for bread, disease crept in and

swept them away by thousands. Then the deadly FIREWATER crept in and began to gnaw their very vitals, debasing their morals, lowering their dignity, spreading everywhere contentions, confusion and death!

On the prairies of the wild North-West Territories rove the great nations of the Blackfeet, Crowfeet, Crees, Yellowstones and numerous other tribes. The Esquimaux, Abenakis, Ojebeways, and Chippeways tribes inhabit the Hudson Bay Territory and Labrador. Here they hunt the Buffalo and other fur-bearing animals, and trade with the famous "Hudson Bay Company."

British Columbia covers a space of 700 by 1,000 miles. A small settlement of 15,000 whites populates the south, while the forests of the north are the haunts of the redmen, who kill the fowls and fish in the mighty rivers for livelihood. The principal food is dried fish and a kind of buffalo meat called PEMICAN. There are estimated to be 40,000 Indians in British Columbia, comprising the Great Slave and Quagutl tribes. To win these people we will have to become Indians, live as they do and in every way adapt ourselves to their customs. Thank God, the pioneer brigade is preparing, entirely composed of volunteers for this work. The Salvation Army is destined to christianize the heathen of Canada; and why should it not be so with such men and women as, thank God, we have in the Salvation Army? We believe that, ere long, the lion-spirit that now rules in the breast of the redman will be reduced to that of a lamb.

There will be difficulties; only consider that there are over two hundred different languages spoken

amongst them. Among the tribes we are now working in the reserves of Ontario, comprising the Mohawks, Chippeways, Senecas, Oneidas, Cayugas, and Onondagas, English is pretty widely spoken, but not so in these parts; but if I know anything of the Salvation Army, it is not one of its principles to run away from difficulties, but in the strength of God we go forth to conquer.

Not only are we preparing for all these rapid strides in our own Dominion, but we are doing our part to help save the nations of the earth. Besides the contingent of eight Officers we have sent to Hindustan, and two which have just gone to the Southern States, we are just about to equip an expedition for Germany. In fact, it only requires our territory to be opened to get Candidates for all parts of the world. Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, Dutch, Italians, Chinese and French are flocking in train-loads towards the West, and many are amongst our oldest settlers.

To open our territory we only want men and means. What will you do to help us?



THE FIGHT ELSEWHERE.

CHAPTER X.

THE UNITED STATES.



For any section of the Salvation Army knows of opposing forces and difficulty, our comrades over the border surely take the palm. For not only have they had to meet the enemy as most of us have to meet him, but through the unfaithfulness of those who should have shown a better example, they have had to wade through seas of misrepresentation and slander, and suffer in ways indescribable.

The very painful task of dismissing a leader, who had been unfaithful to the charge entrusted to him, had to be resorted to in order to vindicate and maintain the integrity and honor of our Army.

Out of the chaos formed by the unfaithfulness new work had to be commenced and proper foundations

laid, which, thank God, He has enabled us to do in spite of every opposing force, and, God be praised, He has stood by Commissioner Smith and his brave force of valiant Officers, and inch by inch the walls of prejudice are crumbling, and the mighty Army blood and fire Chariot is rolling on faster than ever.

Take a small retrospect of the advance. Two years ago they were able to gather together out of the wreck and debris the former Commissioner had left 80 corps and about 100 officers. During the first year after the arrival of Commissioner Smith one hundred and fifty stations were opened; that is to say, some thousands of souls have been converted to God, and thousands of lives made happy. At the present time we are able to report 218 corps, 84 outposts, and 535 officers.

One cannot help but shout for joy, not only for what has been done, but for the great and glorious possibilities of the future.

This is the country which is populated by the most cosmopolitan people in the world, for settlers flock in thousands from all parts of the globe, and from the American forces we are destined to get thousands of men and women who will carry the glad tidings of Salvation to the uttermost part of the earth.

Here is this powerful legion of Salvation Soldiery raised up in so short a time, although surrounded by tremendous and apparently unsurmountable difficulties, marching on to continual victory, and it is not too much to expect that they will not only do us noble service for foreign work, but that they will over-run every State and territory of the American Union. God speed them is our prayer.

CALIFORNIA.

Then comes California with its mass of souls, purchased by the same Calvary-spilt blood. The inhabitants of this part of the world seem especially bent on making money; thousand upon thousands have left their native lands and flocked here to seek their fortunes amongst the golden sands and diamond valleys. Oh! that God Almighty may get a chance at their hearts so that they will turn their attention to making themselves rich in faith and love to God.

Already the Salvation Cannons are booming, and the sound of battle is being heard on every hand.

One of our great difficulties here is the want of Officers, and the expense caused by so great a distance prevents us sending them from other lands. Yet God is giving them the victory, and they are not only carrying on the war in many cities in California alone, but are stretching out their borders. Staff-Capt. Stilwell, immediately upon hearing that a Major was coming out to relieve him in his command, sent his wife into the Territory of Oregon, where many souls have already stepped into the light.

Have they difficulties, ask you? I should guess so. They have been left without a Commander for some months, through circumstances over which Headquarters had no control, and yet amidst it all "Advance!" has been their watchword. Now that Commissioner Smith has the oversight of this corner of the earth, and has appointed a Major to the more immediate oversight, we may look for still more lively things from our Californian Braves.

AUSTRALASIA.

Some noble work for God has been done by our

comrades in Australasia. Only about four years ago the Army set foot in the colonies, and the work has spread like a vast prairie fire. Town after town has been bombarded by our soldiery, the cities have been seized in the name of the King, and some of the most brilliant victories ever recorded in our annals have been achieved in our Antipodes. They have solid ranks of soldiers numbering at the very least twelve thousand, saying nothing of the thousands who have joined the churches and of the numbers who have been benefitted morally and spiritually.

For the last two years a marvellous advance has been made, under the command of Marshal Ballington Booth, not only in the populous cities and towns of the colonies of New South Wales, Victoria and Queensland, but also among the bush rangers of the north.

Since the departure of the Marshal, Commissioner Howard has been in command and has just conducted their first great Intercolonial Congress, when some fifteen hundred soldiers, in full uniform, marched the streets of Melbourne, and the largest building on the continent was packed almost to suffocation at the night meeting, the people contributing some \$1,200 00 to help on the War. This congress was attended by representatives from all the colonies, including New Zealand and Tasmania.

Commissioner Howard, in the course of his address, said that the Salvation Army in the colonies had become a national institution. In four years they had increased a thousandfold. They had no less than six "War Crys," having a circulation of some 80,000 copies per week. Their labours have been owned and blessed by God, which you will affirm when we say

that in a period of six months no less than 11,000 souls have sought Salvation at our penitent forms.

One of the grandest features of the work here is the Rescue of Fallen Sisters and the Prison Brigade work. They have now eleven homes in full operation, through which thousands have passed, and we have good reason to believe that sixty-five per cent. are now leading upright and Godly lives.

The Secretary of the Government Reformation and Industrial Department, wrote to the Congress as follows:

"I have much pleasure in stating, in reply to the under-secretary's inquiry, that this department has, in many instances, been materially assisted in its work of protection and reclamation by the exertions of the several branches of the Salvation Army organization. This more especially applies to the case of those young persons who, having been at one time wards of this department, had relapsed into evil ways subsequently to the termination of its legal control over them.

"1. Many such are known to have been rescued, and to be now leading respectable lives.

"2. In the case also of absconding girls, supposed to have been enticed into dangerous companionship in the city, Colonel Barker has, for some time, kindly permitted us to send him instant notice of the cases, and this has resulted not infrequently in their recovery within a few hours—a matter of great moment, but which, without such help, it would have been difficult, if not impossible, so promptly to secure; and I have sometimes had occasion to regret that he was not armed with power to personally effect an

arrest, and so avoid the delay and risk of failure involved in calling in the services of a constable.

"8. In not a few cases, parents and other relatives, applying to be again entrusted with the care of their children from the department here, have acknowledged their indebtedness to the Army for that change of character and mode of life by which they have been enabled to again form a home for those belonging to them, and thus relieve the state of their further maintenance.

"4. I feel that, on these several grounds, Colonel Barker and his coadjutors are entitled to cordial recognition for the benefits which have resulted from their self-denying labours.

"(Signed) GEORGE GUILLAUME,

"Secretary."

It is also worthy of note that the Government granted our people the sum of \$5,000 towards the rescue work in that country, which speaks volumes for what has been done.

To give a separate description of the work in each colony, or to write of the victories in Tasmania, and among the Maoris of New Zealand, space fails us, and can only rejoice with our comrades for what has been accomplished.

In the city of Sydney has been established our first Chinese corps. Forty of these people have been rescued from the opium dens and made into soldiers of Jesus Christ, and among them are candidates ready at any moment to take Salvation to the idolatrous millions of China. Lord hasten the day!

SWEDEN.

In the pages of the WAR CRY we have given an account of the wonderful commencement of the work in

this country and we rejoice to say that in spite of every opposition it has gone blessedly forward. This is our hardest field of political and government persecution. Some time ago a decree was issued that no meetings were to be held after nine o'clock. This rule was for some time obeyed as far as possible by our officers, but in one or two instances when they did not close just at the moment, the police were down upon them in an instant, and they were taken off to prison, one young officer, Capt. Jim Toft, being sentenced to thirty-three days in Norrköping jail.

The only option to these imprisonments is the paying of an enormous fine, sometimes as high as \$50. This of course our officers and soldiers refuse to do, and so invariably have to suffer for Jesus by going to prison.

But prison bars and bitter persecution have not hindered the work of God, hundreds of souls have been saved. One of our chief difficulties, says Major Ouchterloney "is the want of barracks; many times we have to hold our meetings in old coal sheds, etc. Some of our grandest meetings, however, are held in the open-air. Upon one occasion there were four thousand people congregated in the forest, an English mile out of the city of Stockholm, with two feet of snow on the ground, and thank God fifteen souls knelt in the cold snow and had their hearts warmed by the love of Jesus. In the summer time the heat is so great that meetings inside the hall are insufferably hot, our comrades, therefore, hire a large boat on which the people crowd, paying a small sum, and they hold salvation meetings as they float down the river, sometimes having two or three of these floating meetings at once.

There is not much shouting or hooting at us in the streets here, for the Swedes are a very refined people; but we are politely requested to go to hell, while others raising their hats, suggest that we should drown ourselves, etc.; many, however, are content with saluting us and making some remark about salvation. Thank God, our existence cannot be ignored, and we force thoughts of salvation on the minds of the people.

In the spring of 1886, Miss Charlesworth (now Mrs. Ballington Booth) held special meetings at Upsala for the students of the University, in connection with which the Army's first Latin bill was issued. It read as follows:

Civis Academici
Cras Dominica, Hora
IV. Postmeridina
in
"SALVATIONEM"
vos omnes venite!
MAUD CHARLESWORTH,
Britannia illa, Quæ gloria belli
Helvetici floret, publice
Loquetur
Nemo nisi civis Academicus in
"Arcam"
Aditum Habebit.

Staff-Capt. Hellburg himself recruited from this University thus described what follows: "After a song and prayer, the Major made a few remarks and introduced Miss Charlesworth who then spoke. "Not a whisper disturbed Miss Charlesworth's lecture," says

the newspaper 'Vart Land,' and at times death-like silence prevailed. In particular, when she spoke of their own heart's need and of the separation of loved ones by death, one could see the condition of soul in which many found themselves. Tears ran down many cheeks, and these strong men struggled with their feelings, as she impressed upon them (1st) the need of a religion which does not consist merely of a mass of theories, dogmas, and theological speculations which can hardly satisfy the intellect, much less the heart. 2ndly, there is a religion which can satisfy the heart as well as the intellect, and (3rdly) this religion is the religion of Jesus Christ."

The students of these universities, and in fact, a great part of the population of Sweden, are infidels; but we are glad to say that during Miss Charlesworth's visit many were led into the light.

A few weeks ago, Staff-Capt. Hellburg was sentenced to a term of fifty-three days in prison for holding a meeting after nine; but the King of Sweden ordered his immediate release, after he had spent some days in the cells. God bless the King.

Reports say the work in Norrköping is going on wonderfully. Sixty have lately come out for the blessing. Not many months since the roughs were all but unmanageable at times, one of our sergeants being beaten till life was despaired of; but now we have some of the most prominent of these saved and fighting under the colors, while one of the more respectable "roughs," a gentleman who was well known to hate us, has learned to love us through three of his children getting saved in our meetings, and has just sent some superfluous jewellery for our new barracks in Stockholm.

At Kingsholmen (Stockholm II), three lasses hold the fort right in the thick of thousands of "the great unwashed," and God saves many souls. Arrangements are just being made to open Stockholm III, and several other places. Staff-Capt. Perry writes: "While we get in the rude and uncultivated, we also get "blue blood" in the meetings. The Crown Prince of Denmark, with four of his suite, were present on a recent Sunday afternoon.

"Urgent appeals for the extension of our borders come almost daily. Norway offers an open field of labour which we cannot much longer pass over, Denmark calls for us. It is certain that our pioneers will have a hard time when they do go there, but success is equally certain. Lapland, with its simple inhabitants and with next to no spiritual light at all, is a standing call for us to do something for the souls up there.

We see no reason why the whole of Sweden and Norway should not be worked in camps, while we long for the day when we shall be able to send off a couple of Salvation sledges, each containing an officer who, drawn by a reindeer, clad in the simple garb and living on the coarse food of the people, shall go from place to place, holding meetings, talking to the people, and by every means saving souls."

FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND.

'Tis not in the power of language, spoken or written to convey to the minds of our readers any adequate idea of the terrible persecutions and sufferings borne by our noble comrades on this, perhaps the most difficult, field of Salvation Warfare. In spite of it

all, "En Avant!" has been their motto, and forward step by step they have advanced. Even when the Goliaths of infidelity have stridden across the track, and when the fiery furnace of persecution has been heated to the highest pitch before their very eyes, and when Government decrees have put a dungeon penalty upon every prayer meeting and every effort to save the lost, though opposed by policemen and blood-thirsty mobs, and though expulsion and exile has sought to shut out the message of Salvation from cities and people, God has given them the victory and helped them to march "En Avant!" Wherever the Army methods have been brought to bear upon the kingdoms of darkness God has honored them with success. As we look back five years ago at the little band, composed of the General's eldest daughter, Maréchale Catherine Booth, Miss Soper (now Mrs. Bramwell Booth), and two others, as they enter that city of gaity and vanity, we look at those first meetings in the Rue d' Angoulême among the vilest class of Parisian cut-throats, and as we look back at those fierce conflicts in the Oberkaumff Hall where nothing but slander, opposition, and even death stared them in the face, with scarcely a friend to stand by them, but when there was no hand to help God was not far off, and the efforts put forth in fear and trembling have been blessed to the Salvation of thousands; I say, as we look back at that handful of braves and now behold an Army of forty corps and one hundred and thirty Officers, saying nothing of the thousands of soldiers and converts, it makes our hearts rejoice.

Detailed accounts of these five years of warfare, of expulsions, imprisonments, assaults, of government and hand-to-hand persecutions would fill a volume.

We will, however, briefly review the past year's war. Scarcely had the new year (1886) dawned upon the face of time than Louis Jeanmonod fell a martyr for God. At the door of that Quai Valmy Hall, in Paris, where many a fierce struggle has taken place, as he was keeping the door a French ruffian rushed at him head first, and inflicted a death-blow near the heart. Two or three days of intense suffering followed, but without a murmur he bore it all, and passed on to the front to be with Jesus. How blessedly and triumphantly he died! As his comrades gathered around him and sang, 'neath the suppressed sobs,

"Radiieux Séjour, Radiieux Séjour,
Oh les anges vont me porter un jour"

("Radiant Home, Radiant Home,
Where the angels will carry me one day"),

with the words "It is too beautiful" on his lips, his spirit took its flight to its Heavenly Home. Thus he died, a martyr for God! Perhaps the most difficult part of our work here, especially in Paris, is "En Avant!" Selling in the cafés and on the streets our officers and soldiers have been stoned, arrested, imprisoned and persecuted in every possible way, yet God has blessed this work, and it is carried on to-day with great success.

In Switzerland the fight has been terrible. The Maréchale and also Colonel Clibborn have been banished from several of the Cantons. Our officers go about with their lives in their hands. Expelled English Officers have crossed the frontier at night or in disguise, and held meetings on this forbidden soil so far without being caught, though the police on one occasion just arrived in hot haste as the bird had flown. On another occasion Colonel Clibborn reached

Neuchatel, in the heart of the Canton, at night, held a meeting at six in the morning, saw and accepted six candidates for the Training Home, got off undetected, and reached Paris the same night.

In the Canton de Berne, the Colonel and his brother were arrested as they were passing through, and were thrust into a dark dismal dungeon. They were sentenced to some weeks in prison. During the time they were in they were not idle; they began to sing, and presently they saw a pair of eyes looking through from the next cell; the poor fellow said he wanted to be converted; they prayed with him, and as they sang:

"The cross now covers my sin."

he grasped it by faith, and the burden rolled away.

German Switzerland has been attacked. Of the dreadful brutalities at Zurich, Capt. Kupfer writes as follows:

"Wednesday evening the meeting was quiet enough; but the roughs waited for us outside. When they saw we had gone, they at once fell upon our Soldiers. The young Honneger, he who was saved the Sunday you were with us, was terribly illtreated. He has several holes in his head, and is almost unrecognisable. Others knocked down.

"Friday evening, good meeting; the roughs came again, but we did not let them enter. Towards the end of the meeting they tried to force an entrance. The Soldiers held fast the door inside, whilst the women prayed, and asked God with faith to guard us. After a while they went away, but only the women dared to leave the house, and even they received some hustling from the mob.

"All at once some piercing shrieks were heard at

our door. Two men opened it and at the same time the family Volveider were attacked in the doorway with iron laden sticks. Oh! that scene! It was too awful for me to describe. I really thought that several would have been killed; it was a real slaughter! The young Volveider received several blows on the head, the blood running in streams. He became unconscious, and for two hours we thought each moment he would die. When he came to, his sufferings were so great that it took four men to hold him. We sent for the doctor. It took him an hour to dress his wounds. During all this time, that is to say, until four o'clock in the morning, the roughs waited on the road for to kill us. But glory to God, He has kept us until now.

"Volveider is still confined to his bed; the doctor visits him every day.

"Yesterday was a blessed day. From seven in the morning the Lord was in our midst. At ten o'clock four precious souls sought the Saviour. Hallelujah!

"The afternoon again a good meeting; but, being annoyed by the music in the dancing room, we left and went to finish the meeting at our comrade's (Z——'s) house. There six souls sought deliverance. Glory to God!"

Yet, we rejoice to say that notwithstanding all the determined efforts of hell's forces to stop us, the mighty work of soul-saving has gone rolling on, and some of our best officers and soldiers to-day were once our persecutors, and they are of the right stamp ready and willing to die for God.

At Nimes, in the south of France, we have established a Rescue Home called the Lighthouse, into which many poor girls are taken off the streets; con-

verted and put into honourable situations. After all, we must say, in the words of the Marechale herself, "No book can truly tell the story of this year, the struggles all along our lines, the inner victory gained, of which the outer is but a result; nor do we wish to dwell upon this side of the picture, save so far as might influence those who can help us to do so more generously."

AFRICA.

Africa has also heard of the Salvation Army and all glory to God, things are rushing ahead at a great pace there.

With Headquarters at Port Elizabeth, our comrades have only as yet been able to operate on the Cape Settlement, and in spite of the severe persecution and ruffianism they have had to endure, God has signally owned and blessed their labors.

In these quarters, in addition to the English population, many Dutch towns are established, and our Army here might be called the Anglo-Dutch Detachment.

Our African "War Cry" is printed partly in Dutch and partly in English. One of the latest movements they have in this country is the "Cavalry Brigade." This consists of large waggons similar to those used by the African bushmen, each drawn by twelve oxen. A company of Salvationists ride over the country in these waggons, stopping at every village and town to hold meetings, sell War Crys and speak to individuals about salvation. This work has been carried on with great success, Major Thurman himself accompanying the waggons. Latest reports tell of many souls converted by this means, although there are many hardships to encounter. The country in some places is

terribly rough so that the ground is almost impassable, and upon one occasion they had to put on four more oxen to pull them out of a hole, but still onward they marched! The Major has been pushing the war into the Diamond Fields and scores of sinners have sought Salvation. Last year Africa was visited by Commissioner and Mrs. Railton, who held meetings among the poor benighted Zulus who abound in thousands throughout the territory. Mrs. Railton held one meeting amongst them. She spoke through an interpreter, and while she was speaking the power fell and soon her voice was drowned in the sobs of the poor Zulus who were crying for mercy. The Lord carry on the work. The Commissioner toiled night and day, notwithstanding his ill health, in translating our songs into the language of the Zulus, and ere long we trust the work that has been begun amongst them will spread and bring them to God by hundreds. The future of this country is too great to comprehend, when we think of the seven hundred different tribes of barbarous heathens that inhabit this continent, besides the savage Soudanees, Abyssinians and the more civilized tribes of the north, we are led to believe that the great work that has already been accomplished is only a spark of the mighty flame that will yet spread through that land, and I am sure we can depend upon Major Thurman and his faithful band doing their level best to this end.

INDIA.

The story of our work in India is by this time pretty widely known throughout Canada. The visit of Major Jai Bhai and his comrades has conveyed to

our minds some slight idea of the sacrifice and hardship borne by our officers on the burning sands of this heathen clime.

Success has attended our officers, even since they began the work amongst the natives. Commissioner Tucker says: "The success that we attained, even before we took up the Fakir dress and adapted ourselves to the native customs in India, was remarkable indeed. Our meetings were attended by Mahommedans, Hindoos, Parsees, Arabs, Jews and Christians, and we have many of these publicly seek the Saviour; but we observed that many of the poor natives and half-castes stood at the back of the hall and did not come forward."

To bridge this gap between the Salvation Army and the lowest of these natives, the Commissioner decided that he and his little band should adopt the native customs and make themselves one with them. Ever since this step was taken, the natives have come by hundreds to seek the Saviour.

Our comrades have even gone lower still. They beg their bread from door to door; sometimes getting two meals a day and many times only one; and, thank God, they are of that stamp who are willing to suffer anything and even die for Jesus.

In Bombay, Madras, Gujarat and Ceylon, this bare-footed mission is being carried on, and hundreds of poor dark heathen hearts are being changed by the blood of Jesus.

The work is begun in a native village by house to house visiting. One of our officers writes:

"Since I have adopted the native dress I have been doing some visiting among the natives. As I pass along the road I hear behind me "Mosulman hogiya"

that is "He has turned a Mahommedan;" others again interrupt and say, "No, he is a Christian;" continuing on, I met with a "Salaam Salib," and with a look of astonishment, says a native "Ab bhi juta phenk'diya?" "you have also thrown off your shoes." "Yes," says I, "and not only that, I wish to be entirely like you." Come to the "gooltalas," (Wellington Square) any evening at 5.30 p.m., and you will hear something about "Mukti," "Achha," and off he goes. I pass between some huts and am asked to sit down, I consent, and then have a friendly Salvation talk with a friendly Mahommedan. A word of prayer and I leave go on until I am asked what I want amongst the huts. I say "I see so many people in sin and going to destruction that I feel sad and wish to get them saved from it, true religion is love." Yes, says he, "thik bat" "sacht bat," well I ask him, "And what are you doing?" Says he, "I, why I follow my own religion and am as God keeps me, God is King and we must obey Him." "Yes, that is true, but don't you see that many men don't obey Him, and you must, or you cannot enter Heaven. Just think about that." I pray for him and leave, asking the Lord for wisdom to reach their hearts. This is a sketch of the beginning of native visiting."

This door to door begging is a splendid opportunity of speaking to the people about their souls, and many cry to God for Salvation before our people leave their doors.

Our barracks generally consist of a shed made of the palm leaf, to hold about 500 people, and in these green sheds as many as one hundred and two hundred natives have been known to seek Salvation in a single night.

In Gujarat we have had blessed victories. Besides the sacrifice, our comrades have had to bear Government persecutions; but God has been with them. A plank beneath a tree serves for a bed, and oftentimes they are awakened during the middle of the night by some poor native who has come to get "Mukti" or Salvation.

In Ceylon there have been many wonderful cases of conversion, and although the inhabitants are nearly all Budhists, they are glad to embrace a Salvation that not only make them happy but takes away their sins, which they admit none of their priests or prophets can do.

A whole shipload of officers from England have just arrived to help in the War, and eight of our dear lads and lasses from Canada are on the way, and with these reinforcements greater victories are yet to be recorded. The success of our officers has sprung out of not only their devotion to God but their willingness to adapt themselves to the people, which is virtually carried out in every day-life by the Salvation Army. India is the great centre from which Christianity will spread all through the Eastern nations, and the Salvation Army, with God's blessing, means to do its part for the conversion of the Eastern world.

THE UNITED KINGDOM.

And what about the Old Land, the place where the Salvation Army was born? How many people there are who are always asking, Will it stand? In that country you will find some who have stood right along for twenty-one years; without flinching they have fought with all their might for the Salvation of

the millions in their own borders, and they are still fighting.

"A flash in the pan," says some. Well, it has been flashing now for over twenty-one years, and I rejoice to say that the flashing still goes on.

I was inquiring the other day of an Officer who had been stationed only a week or two before at one of the oldest Corps in that country, and he told me how the Barracks were still quite crowded, and in the open air poor sinners are still crying for mercy, while our borders are stretching out on the right hand and on the left, new cities, towns and villages being captured, and hundreds of souls being brought to the Saviour's feet.

The wonderful congregation of all the different nationalities at the International Congress in London was one of the most mighty gatherings ever seen by any religious organization since the days of the Apostles.

A solid column of 2,000 Officers marched through the most crowded thoroughfares of the great Metropolis, causing men and women to think of Salvation, and recognize us even if against their will.

Have our Comrades had it all their own way without meeting with opposition? Let the Chief-of-Staff speak. Have we not had to endure Government persecution? and all hell has been set in battle array and tried to upset the Salvation Army. Eternity will only reveal what was gone through during those months of trial in what is known as the "Armstrong Case."

Not only did the Chief suffer, but our dear lads and lasses up and down the land felt the persecution most keenly, but, thank God, they weathered the

storm, and while devils and wicked men were looking for our downfall God came in and gave victory. A universal all-night of prayer was held all round the world, and in answer to those petitions God delivered us from the hands of our enemies.

Since then scores of poor girls have been emancipated from the thralldom and slavery of their lustful habits and are now leading lives of virtue and righteousness, and scores of broken-hearted mothers have been made glad by the wandering girl's return.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth, the wife of our beloved Chief, is now at the head of one of the most powerful women's rescue organization in the world. There are now eleven Rescue Homes in England, and thousands yet will bless the day that ever William Bramwell Booth set down his foot, and with his heart filled with love to God and our fallen sisterhood, swore by Heaven and earth to do all he could to save them.

We might mention one case of a dear girl who had strayed away from her home in Holland, and led a life of vice in an English city. Her parents communicated with Headquarters, they got to work, found out the poor girl, got her converted, and sent her back to Holland to rejoice the hearts of her parents, and there are scores of such cases.

Also the Prison-Gate Work, yet in its infancy, has been blessed in a marvellous way to the poor prisoners, and we are confident that greater things will be done for the hundreds of this class there are in England, and lessen the appalling rate at which they are increasing. Here, in the Salvation Army, is an effort put forth to save them, which, thank God, it is being most wonderfully successful in doing. One case is worthy of note. A young man, who had been in

prison for sixteen years for burglary, was seized by our Brigade as he came out of the prison, and is now one of the most useful and brilliant Soldiers in the Home. He is employed in making and repairing shoes for the Training Homes.

We could write a whole book on the work of Commandant and Miss E. M. Booth in the Training Home, with the Cadets who are being there trained for war in every land. The latest departure in connection with the Training Homes is the "Field Sessions," which may be described as follows:—For three months in the year all the male Cadets attired in Salvation uniform go on a march through the village districts of England, accompanied by the "Cavalry Vans," which are large covered waggons drawn by horses. In these they do what little cooking is done, and carry all their necessary articles. At each village or town they stop, and hold meetings, sell "War Crys," and speak to people about their souls.

The women, instead of going on the march, go on jaunting cars and vans similar to the ones mentioned.

This system is calculated to bring out the qualities of those in training, and make them more efficient in the fight. And not only does it do this, but is a blessed means of carrying Salvation to the villages. With three months of this work and three months in the Training Home, a Cadet is supposed to be fit for field service.

• Language again fails to describe what has been done by the Cellar, Gutter and Garret Brigades, of which Miss Eva Booth has the oversight. The following is an extract from the report of a recent visit to the slums:

"A coloured man was found in one of the lodging-houses, who, on being offered a paper, said he could not read, and was a Freethinker; but afterwards he was brought to tell his story, and confessed that he had once belonged to The Salvation Army in America, had lost all his earthly possessions in the sinking of a ship, had come to England, travelled considerably in Scotland, and finally had sunk so low in the social scale as to be found in a common lodging-house.

"He began his little bits of arguments in defence of his beliefs, or non-beliefs I had better say, which were soon, by the Spirit of God, knocked from under his feet, leaving him to feel his utter helplessness and spiritual poverty.

"Upon the girls leaving the lodging-house, he accompanied them to the door, with the tears standing in his eyes, promising to meet them again, though he would not yield then.

"Many of the frequenters of these dens constantly remark their surprise at such lasses coming there at all, comparing them to very hells, and saying they would not be there themselves if in any way they could help it."

And still on our comrades go laying hold of the most degraded and bringing them to the Master's feet. Then comes our Italian work.

As to the commencement of this work among the Italians, we translate the following from "Il grido di guerra," "The Italian War Cry": "Staff-Capt. J. B. Vint, moved with compassion by the misery and spiritual darkness so prevalent in the Italian quarter, resolved to go single-handed amongst them and cause some light to "shine in the darkness." Accordingly in the month of September last year, he commenced

by house to house visiting, exhorting, praying and reading the word of God."

This was the beginning, and as the Captain himself says, "The first effort put forth in fear and trembling, has been blessed to the salvation of many. An old loft in the top of a cow-shed serves as a Barracks, and in this old building Salvation has streamed into many an Italian heart." The work is still progressing, and from this company of Saved organ-grinders and ice-cream sellers, we are raising up a force that will ere long, we trust, carry the War into their own country, Italy; and what are the prospects for the future? Beyond anything we can imagine, I am sure. Such arrangements are being made that every corner of the old land shall have in it a Salvation Army corps, and we mean to so labour that no one shall go down to hell without a chance of getting Salvation. As to our future advance on other countries, I have only to say preparations are being made to at once attack Germany, Italy, Holland, Mexico, Jamaca, while already work has begun in St. Helena, and we have already people in training for China, while Canada supplies a candidate for Japan.

Truly this is marvellous. The time is coming when salvation shall cover the earth, and if I know anything about it, the Salvation Army is determined to cover it also. Will you help?



STATEMENT OF DONATIONS TO TEMPLE

From Oct. 1st, 1885 to Sep. 30th, 1886.

Ashton, Capt.	\$ 7 00	Brought forw'd, \$273 44	
Andrews, I.	5 00	Chandler, Mr., per	
Albert, Capt.	1 00	Mr St Ledger,	5 00
Aikins, Dr.	40 00	Cowan, Capt., col-	
Anon.	1 74	lected by,	33 00
Brandon, J.	25 00	Crosby, Capt.	8 40
Parrett, Mrs.	9 55	Cousins, Capt.	10 00
Brown, W R.	2 00	Cropicle, Mr.	5 00
Britnell, A	25 00	Clarke, Dr. W. S	5 00
Butchard Miss	1 00	Chandler, Mr.	20 25
Bowden, John	5 00	Carter, A	5 00
Brown, B.	2 00	Crosby, Mr.	5 00
Bryce, Capt,	7 00	Cline, C. H.	25 00
Blake, S. H.	50 00	Carpenter, Capt.	5 00
Bawden, J.	25 00	Corbridge, Mr.	9 73
Banks, Capt.	5 00	Coatsworth, E.	50 00
Briggs, S. R.	10 00	Calhoun, Capt.,	
Bell, Lient.	2 40	collected by	49 63
Bye, Wm.	40 00	Colorado Sam	1 00
Bouchex. Miss	1 00	Chapman, W. T.	2 00
Bainfield, W. H.	5 00	Orealock, S.	50 00
Churchill, Miss	3 00	Carshop	1 00
Clinton	75	Driscoll, J.	1 00
Carried for'd,	\$ 273 44	Carried forw'd, \$	564 45

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

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Brought forw'd, \$564 45	Brought forw'd, \$981 90
Delloy, J. 5 00	Friend, A 50
Dimmick, C. R. S. 100 00	" 1 00
Davis, W. 2 00	" 3 25
Degiere, Capt. 5 00	Freeman, J. 1 00
Drew, Capt, col'd by 47 40	Foots, L. 1 00
Davies, Mr. 21 00	Gooderham, W. 500 00
Dermid, Jno. 1 00	" 500 00
Duncan, L. 25 00	Griffiths, Mr. 14 00
Eaves, E. J. 79 50	Gage, Capt. 2 00
Evans, Capt. 2 45	Good Child 50
Echlin, J. F. 3 00	Graceygood, Chas. 2 00
Easton, R. 10 00	Gibbs, Capt., col-
Fenson, J. 50 00	lected by 17 05
Freer, Capt 7 50	Do., do. 10 35
Friend, A 1 00	Goodenough, Wm. 10 00
" 1 00	Gillivray, Mr. 5 00
" 1 00	Gilroy, Capt., col-
" 1 00	lected by 25 00
" 3 00	Gratten, Capt 5 00
" 5 00	Gardner, Capt.,
" 4 00	collected by 12 50
" 50	Gratitude, 2 00
" 10	Godher, J. 1 00
" 25 00	Goodar, Sarah 80
" 5 00	God's Own Child 25
" 2 00	Gamey, Capt. 5 00
Friends, Two 2 00	Hill, Wm. 1 00
Friend, A 1 00	Hill, G. 30
" 1 00	Hook, Thos. 25 00
" 5 00	Hackett, Capt.,
" 1 00	collected by 16 00
Carried forw'd, \$ 981 90	Carried forw'd, \$2,143 40

Brought for'd, \$2,148 45	Brought for'd, \$2,271 00
Hoar, Cadet 5 00	McGuiness, Mrs. 5 00
Hoag, Cadet 1 00	McConwell & Co. 25 00
Hughes, Ben 2 00	Maltby, Capt. 6 00
Happy Bill 50	McPhail, Alex. 5 00
Happy Nettie, 10 00	Myles, C. E. 1 00
Hodges, Lieut. 2 00	Menzies, Mr. per
Holtham, Capt. 10 00	Bro. Duncan 5 00
Hodge, Jas, 5 20	Moss, Edith 5 00
" 1 00	McMillan, D. 1 00
Howe, A. 1 00	McDowell, Capt. 1 40
Inman, Mrs. 1 00	Methodist Friend 1 00
Ind, Emily 50	Margetts, Staff-
Isb, Isaac 1 00	Capt. 5 00
Jordon, Father 1 00	Mathews, Capt. 1 00
Jamieson, B. H. 2 00	
Kennedy, Mr. 5 00	Norwich, J. 2 00
Kent, J. 2 00	Nelson, J. W. 2 00
Keeley, Mrs. 1 00	Officer's salaries 41 48
Laing, Capt. 9 50	Owen & Armstrong,
Lack, Capt. col-	Messrs. 10 00
lected by 18 00	O'Leary, Capt. 5 00
Lowe, Capt. 3 00	O'Brian, Mr. 25 00
Lane, J. 5 00	Osborne, Capt. 10 73
Ludgate, Capt. 2 50	Perrs, A. 5 00
Langtry, Capt. 10 00	Palmer, Capt. 3 00
Luke, J. W. 5 00	Pollard, Wm. 1 00
Long, Mr. 2 00	Powell, J. L. 1 00
Lavelock, Mrs. 3 50	Pearson, G. 40 00
Lyon, N., & Co. 10 85	Park, P. W. 2 00
Montgomery, J. 5 00	Passmore, J. W. 4 00
Mitherall, Lilly 1 00	Parsons, Bro. 5 00
Carried for'd, \$2,271 00	Carried for'd, \$2,489 61

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

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Brought for'd, \$2,489 61	Brought for'd, \$2,714 84
Pepper, Mr. 8 85	Soldier, A. 10 00
Palmer, Capt. 5 00	" 1 00
Page, Mr. 5 00	" 5 00
Rockelly, J. 5 00	Shaw, Lieut., col- lected by 7 25
Rash, Harry 1 00	Salvation Army Presbyterian 25 00
Roberts, Capt. 3 00	Stubbs, R. 1 00
Ritchie, J. 5 00	Southam, D. 1 00
Rose, Lieut. 2 10	Stevens, C. 5 00
Roach, Capt. 7 00	Sharman, Mr. 1 00
Ripley, Willie 10	Sherwood, Mr. 5 00
Rowe, J.S. 5 00	Spence, Mr. 2 00
Rosenbolt, Mr 5 00	Smeeth, Francis 10 00
Rogers, E. 5 00	Stanley, Mr. 10 00
Scarr, W.C. 5 00	Totten, Capt. 5 00
Symonds, A. 5 00	Thompson, Mr. 10 00
Syer, A. J. 5 00	Topham, Lieut. 1 00
St. Ledger, Jas. 56 00	Two lads, 25
" 9 45	Temple, Capt. 2 70
" 30 13	Tushingham, T. & Sons 25 00
Simpson, L. 2 00	Do., do., 25 00
Southall, Capt. 20 00	Thorne, Lieut. 1 00
Smith, Capt. 13 60	Thompson, A. 5 00
Simmonds, Mr. 1 00	Torrence, Capt. 1 00
Smith, Miss E. 1 00	Tomblin, J. 6 00
Serle, C. 5 00	Vance, J. W. 2 00
Shuttleworth, Rev. 5 00	Neale, Capt. 1 00
" 5 00	Wessels, Capt. 5 00
Sumner, Staff-Capt. 6 00	Worr, Capt. 5 00
Soldier, A. 1 00	
" 1 00	
Carried ford, \$2,714 84	Carried for'd, \$2,898 04

Brought for'd, \$2 893 04	Brought for'd, \$4,118 12
White, W. 10 00	Hagersville 21 24
Williamson, Capt. 5 00	Hamilton 10 00
Widow, A 50	Hamilton Division 75 50
" 2 00	Halifax, N.S. 865 18
Willis, Cadet 1 00	Kingston 250 95
Walker, R. 1 00	Kentville, N.S. 78 24
Watson, Capt. 40	London Division 72 50
Webb, T. m. 3 00	Lippincott Street 35 25
Weeks, Bro. 1 00	Lisgar Street 53 30
Watson, John 200 00	Lower Provinces
Williams, H. 16 00	(proceeds of
Wiggins, Cadet 1 00	tour) 551 60
Ward, J. F. 5 00	Montreal Div. 80 00
Ayr 26 75	Montreal, P.Q. 20 25
Annapolis, N.S. 84 27	Monton, N.S. 235 08
Brampton 21 00	Napanee 42 50
Brantford 3 00	New Glasgow, N.S. 191 06
Belleville 118 90	Newcastle 11 50
Barrie Division 21 30	Norwich 5 00
Burlington 3 00	Newfoundland
Carleton, N. B. 124 70	Division 198 11
Chalottet'n, P.E.I. 42 00	Oakville 14 00
Charham, Ont. 25 04	Ottawa 27 00
Centerville, P.Q. 46 96	Palmerston 57 81
Certificates sold 96 30	Peterboro 20 00
Dresden 35 50	Preston 13 25
Dundas 2 00	Port Dalhousie 7 41
Dartmouth, N.S. 139 53	Port Dover 12 60
Essex Centre 10 00	Paris 13 25
Fredrieton, N.S. 181 40	Palmerston Div. 132 47
Galt 47 53	Prescott 8 85
Carried forw'd, \$4 118 12	Carried for'd, \$7,221 92

Brought for'd, \$7,221 92	Brought for'd, \$9,070 14
Perth 20 00	Spring Hill Mines 128 00
Programmes sold 281 39	Stellarton, N.S. 68 80
Riverside 43 30	Truro, N.S. 216 00
Railway rebates 260 47	Thornhill 13 05
Refreshment pro- ceeds 42 00	Tilsonburg 17 75
Richmond street 32 75	Temple collec- tions, etc. 1,529 41
Sherbrooke, P.Q. 65 92	Tickets sold 1,205 58
St. Catharines 27 20	Windsor, N.S. 20 00
Stouffville 12 60	Woodstock 66 10
Stirling 28 00	Woodstock, N.B. 15 00
St. John, N.B. 724 87	Whitby 27 00
Shediac, N.B. 13 00	Waterford 24 40
St. Stephen, N.B. 221 57	Welland 7 70
St. George, N.B. 9 00	Wyoming 12 00
Stayner 4 15	Westville, N.S. 71 32
Summerside, P.E.I. 9 00	Yorkville 141 09
Sussexvale, N.S. 53 00	
Carried for'd, \$9,070 14	12,633 34



SUNDRY DONATIONS.

—:—:—

BROOKLIN BARRACKS.

Wariner, Mrs.	\$5 00	Brought forw'd	\$8 00
Augustus, J.	1 00	Hughson, J.	2 00
Hodges, Lieut.	2 00		
			<u>\$10 00</u>

HAMILTON BARRACKS.

Goodherham Wm	\$100 00	Brought forw'd	\$124 33
Brazil, W.	24 33	Duncan, Mr.	5 00
			<u>\$129 33</u>

MONTREAL BARRACKS.

Crealock, S.	\$25 00	Brought forw'd	\$145 00
Cowan, Capt.	5 00	Thompson, Mr.	5 00
Easton, Mr.	5 00	Welsh, T.	5 00
E. J.	50 00	Young, Capt.	4 00
E. W.	50 00	A Friend,	2 50
Powell, T. H	5 00		
Sirle, C.	5 00		<u>\$161 50</u>

SUNDRY DONATIONS.

RIVERSIDE BARRACKS.

Aikins, Dr. \$15 00 |

TORONTO RICHMOND STREET BARRACKS.

Aikins, Dr.	\$15 00	Carried forward.	\$18 00
Pepper, J.	8 00	Webb, Mr.	5 00
			<hr/> \$23 00

YORKVILLE BARRACKS.

Aikins, Dr.	\$15 00	Carried forward.	\$36 56
Butchard, W.	0 80	Rowland, E.	5 75
Hutt, John.	1 00	Simpson, L.	0 65
Hyde, John.	1 45	Vernal, M.	0 50
Kerr, Maggie.	15 86	Dowling, W.	2 00
Mathews, H.	4 00		
M Lean, Aggie.	0 45		<hr/> \$ 35 46
Pitchard, D.	0 50		
		Total.	<hr/> \$374 29

STATEMENT OF TRADE ACCOUNT

From 1st October, 1885, to 30th September, 1886.

DR.

To Am't of Cash Received
for sale of Uniform, Books,
Advances, Almanacs, etc.
To Am't received for Sale of
"War Cays," etc.....
To Am't of Cash received
from Sundries toward Pay-
ing of "War Crys" Debt.
To Am't of Cash Sales.....

\$10,671 37

31,365 23

1,405 99

2,288 24

—————\$45,730 83

CR.

By Am't of Cash Paid on
Purchase of Uniform,
Books, Advances, Alma-
nacs, etc.....
By Am't of Cash Paid for
Printing Books, Miscel-
laneous, etc
By Am't of Cash Appropri-
ated to Corps, "War Cry"
Debt.....
By Cash Paid Salaries Staff,
Divisional Officers, etc...
By Cash Paid for Rent...
" " " Expressage
of "War Cry"
By Cash for Sundry Expen-
ses, Loans, Petty Cash,
Stamps, Telegrams, etc..
Balance to Spiritual Acct..

\$6,453 17

17,965 38

1,405 99

5,671 77

363 72

3,463 67

2,235 27

—————\$37,538 97

8,171 86

Total.....\$45,730 83

Audited, Compared with Books and found Correct.

JOSEPH BLAKELEY, Accountant.

45,730 83

Statement showing Receipts, Donations and Expenditure in erection of Headquarters' Temple, Toronto.

From 1st October, 1885, to 30th September, 1886.

DR.		CR.	
To amount received by donations and other gifts.....	\$12,633 34	Amount due by Temple account from last statement	\$ 4,547 38
Amount due by Temple account.....	16,441 78	Amount paid contractors and others.....	\$23,777 07
		Amount paid in taxes.....	31 00
		Amount paid in insurances	352 70
		Amount paid for coke coal, and labor.....	173 35
		Amount paid in sundries...	193 62
Total.....	\$29,075 12	Total.. ..	24,527 74
			\$29,075 12

Audited and compared with the Books and found correct.

WM BLAKELEY, AUDITOR.

Statement of General Spiritual Account

From October 1st, 1885, to September 30th, 1886.

Dr.

Amount of Bank Balance..	\$ 6,324 74
" " " "	71 28
	<u>\$ 6,396 02</u>
To Amount received from Trade Account	
To Amount received from Corps for Spiritual Extension	4,819 91
To Am't received from Donations to barracks, rent, etc.	9,240 35
To Am't received from General Expenses advances from Corps	1,202 40
To Am't received Donations to Temple	12,633 34
To Am't received Auxiliary Fund	473 50

Cr.

By Amount of Cash paid on Account of Property Account	\$48,153 15
By Amount paid to Corps Advances	3,226 60
By Amount paid Sick and Wounded	517 45
By Amount paid Furniture Account	226 10
By Amount paid Law Expenses	371 79
By Amount paid Canadian Contingent, England	991 30
By Amount paid Loans	1,480 00
	<u>54,966 39</u>

To Amount received Sick and Wounded

To Amount received Special

208 01

By Cash Balance

By Bank Balances

997 25

4,756 81

5,754 06

ral Expenses advances
from Corps
To Am't received Donations
to Temple
To Am't received Auxiliary
Fund.....

1,202 40
12,633 34
473 50

To Amount received Sick
and Wounded
To Amount received Spec-
ial Donations.....

208 01
38 70

To Amount received from
Sundries, etc., for Hindoo
and French Work.....
To Amount of Loans.....
To Am't of Suspense Loans

28,616 21

3,455 39
13,951 63
129 34

\$60,720 45

penses.....
By Amount paid Canadian
Contingent, England.....
By Amount paid Loans.....

371 79
991 30
1,480 00

54,966 39

By Cash Balance.....
By Bank Balances.....

997 23
4,756 81
5,754 06

\$60,720 45

Bank Balance consists of Cash for Hindoo and French work (since paid out for officers fares to India and Quebec), and other Donations for Barracks (in course of erection).
Audited and compared with Books and found correct.

(Signed), JOSEPH BLAKELEY,
Accountant.

THE AUXILIARY LEAGUE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA

THE SALVATION ARMY AUXILIARY LEAGUE is a body of persons who without necessarily endorsing or approving of every single method used by the Salvation Army, are sufficiently in sympathy with its great work of reforming drunkards, rescuing the fallen—in a word, SAVING THE LOST—as to give it their PRAYERS, INFLUENCE, and MONEY. Members are enrolled at any time.

MEMBERS of the League pay \$5 per annum or \$2 quarterly, and are supplied every year, on payment of their subscription, with a small leather ticket bearing the official recognition of Headquarters, together with their name and number, which entitles them to the direct sympathy of, and recognition from all Salvations, Soldiers and Corps, and ensures for them a hearty welcome in Army circles at home and abroad.

A small badge is sent to each member of the League which if so inclined, they can wear to denote membership. A list of the members of the League is published, and sent to every member annually; but Auxiliaries are announced anonymously when we are so requested.

A copy of the "WAR CRY" is mailed free to each member weekly.

We rely upon the Auxiliaries to show their sympathy and help by:—

PRAYER at all times, and especially joining our international prayer union at 12.30 every day, when the Soldiers of The Salvation Army, at home and abroad, unite in prayer for one another, and the Salvation of the world.

INFLUENCE.—Let it be known in their circle that they are in sympathy with us; occasionally, at least, attending our meetings; defending us against the numerous misinterpretations and slanders invented by enemies, and often believed and circulated by the misinformed, who frequently only need to know the real facts to come over to our side. Auxiliaries can always have the fullest information as to the truth or otherwise of any specific charge brought, if they will write to Headquarters.

GIFTS.—Assisting us in supplying funds for the current work and the constant fresh opportunities which we are constrained to seize, at home and abroad, for spreading salvation.

A copy of the Annual Report and Balance Sheets is sent to every Auxiliary at Christmas. The opportunity offered to Auxiliaries in this respect is almost without parallel, for no day passes in which The Army is not compelled to refuse some very extraordinary opening to do good for want of funds. Our need is most urgent. New stations have been opened at great expense. From the far North, from the South, and the East, and West, the cry is still, "Come and help us!" Without the means, we cannot possibly respond to this bitter cry. We invite all who have the well-being of Canada at heart, to immediately come to our help, and the help of the Lord, in this way.

The League, although of recent date, already comprises members of nearly all denominations, and many ministers.

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THOS. B. COOMBS.

For further information, and full particulars of the work of The Salvation Army, apply personally or by letter to the **COMMISSIONER**, Salvation Temple Toronto.

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